★ JOHN BULL, JUNE 22, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVII 1775

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ONLY ONE THING COUNTS *by A.G.B.*

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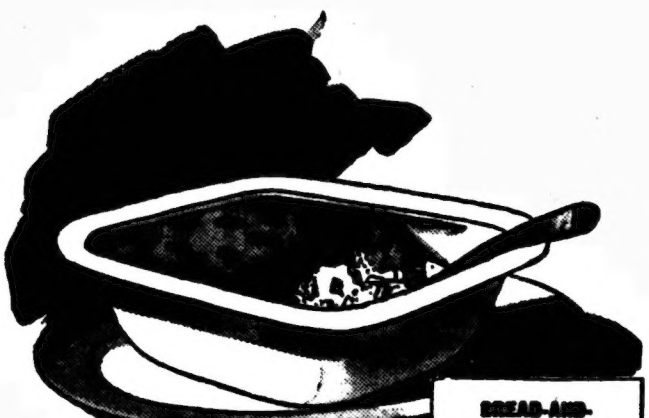


BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING
No need to use sugar if you sprinkle each layer of bread *lavishly* with Sultanas. Bread and Butter Pudding with Sultanas gets new popularity.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING IS A FINE STAND-BY . . . BUT

with Sultanas

IT'S A STAR TURN!

★ Not only Sultanas, but Figs too, are cheap and plentiful now. Both these fruits are full of natural energy-giving sugar, which will sweeten many excellent dishes and save your sugar ration. Stock your larder with Sultanas and Figs NOW!

(32)

How Neglected

INDIGESTION GETS WORSE

Indigestion usually starts with just a little **DISCOMFORT AFTER MEALS** and a feeling of **FULLNESS.**
Your stomach is producing too much acid! Other distressing symptoms quickly follow **—FLATULENCE,** that distressing **TIGHTNESS** and **ACCUMULATION OF GAS** set up by fermentation of undigested food. **HEART-BURN** is another trouble to arise, a nasty distressing **REGURGITATION** in the throat and a **BURNING SPOT** behind the left shoulder blade. Then comes **BILIOUSNESS.** You cannot keep the slightest food down. You may *feel* sick but cannot *be* sick. The acid begins to bite into the wall of the stomach. You get **PAIN AFTER MEALS,** indicating **INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH LINING,** and if you continue to neglect these symptoms dreaded **ULCERATION** may follow.

RELIEF AT ONCE

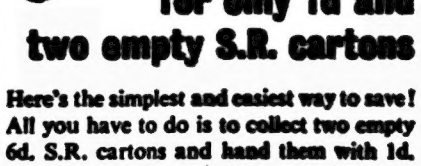
But even at this stage **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** will save you. It will neutralise the acidity, put a soothing coating over the stomach wall and you will get relief almost at once. You can implicitly rely on this statement because every supply of this remedy is sold under definite satisfaction or money back condition. Get a 1/3 bottle of **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** at once. If you are not completely satisfied with the results, return empty carton to Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. This offer applies only to **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** made by Macleans Ltd. **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** is only genuine if the signature "Alex. C. Maclean" appears on bottle, carton or tin.

Alex. C. Maclean

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder From all Chemists 1/3, 2/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE

Yours For 1d

A FULL SIZE 1/3 TUBE OF GIBBS S.R. TOOTHPASTE



for only 1d and two empty S.R. cartons

Here's the simplest and easiest way to save! All you have to do is to collect two empty 6d. S.R. cartons and hand them with 1d. to your chemist. He will give you in return a 1/3 tube of Gibbs S.R., the toothpaste which cures and prevents gum-rot and gum-bleeding. *This offer does not apply in Eire.*

GIBBS **S.R.** TOOTHPASTE

—SAVES YOUR TEETH BECAUSE IT'S GOOD FOR YOUR GUMS

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ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

How to eat wisely in wartime..

So much of our food comes from overseas, using valuable shipping space, that care and skill in its choice and preparation is now an urgent national necessity.

To eat wisely in wartime we should vary our meals as much as possible. There may be a shortage of some of the foods we usually buy but there will always be others to take their place. To keep fit and well we should choose something from each of the four groups below, every day.

(1) BODY BUILDING FOODS: *Milk, cheese, eggs, meat, fish.*

(2) ENERGY FOODS: *Bacon and ham, bread, butter or margarine, cheese, dried fruit, dripping or suet or lard, honey, oatmeal, potatoes, rice or sago, sugar.*

(3) PROTECTIVE FOODS (Group 1): *Milk, butter or margarine, cheese, eggs, liver, herrings or salmon (canned or fresh).*

(4) PROTECTIVE FOODS (Group 2): *Potatoes, carrots, fruit (fresh or canned but not dried), green vegetables or salads, tomatoes, wholemeal bread.*

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 22, 1940.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

BRITISH NAVY WORRIES THEM!

WITH the victory bells echoing through his crazed brain, Hitler turns his eyes on Britain.

Sometimes invasion seems easy to him, as it did to Napoleon, as it has done to innumerable would-be world conquerors since 1066.

Then a spectre passes before his eyes—a spectre they all saw in turn. THE BRITISH NAVY.

Invasion Plans

A big number of plans for the conquest of Britain have been put before him. A few of them toy with the idea of dropping troops by parachute, but only as a subsidiary operation.

He will have to land troops at three, six, nine, and even twelve different parts of our coast, according to which plan he decides to try.

No wonder he mouthed so much about the British Navy in the recent interview he gave to an American journalist.

It's haunting him!

We Were Fooled

He fooled us into complacency. He fooled us into believing that any new war would be just like the last. He even fooled us into thinking that there would be no war, because he was a man of Peace.

But, thank God, he didn't fool us out of our Navy.

He tried to. But we're not quite as mad as that.

Our Steel Wall

We've still got the ships. We've still got the men. And we've got the shipyards, too.

Come the three corners of the world in arms and they can't penetrate our steel wall.

Behind it we can build such an air armada as can make Germany untenable, for, now we have shaken off our sloth, both our heavy and aircraft industries will dwarf his.

Victory Will Come

Then, with the biggest manufacturing nation in the world pouring implements of war into the Allies' lap, our turn will come.

We shall strike hard and strike often at a Germany sick at heart at her losses, exhausted by the drain on her limited resources, and well past the peak of her effort.

With victory we shall make amends to Civilisation for our tragic mistakes.

Their Complaints

We've never heard men so clamorous to fight—even in the last war.

"I registered last December and I can't get in anyhow," complained one of our own staff bitterly.

Men hurry to the JOHN BULL offices to tell us things like that.

JOHN BULL's free advice service has had thousands of letters asking: "How can I get in?"

Fine Fighters All

Men who served in the last war are particularly desperate about it.

"I know a 13-pounder inside out," shouted one caller. "A 13-pounder quick-firer, the best British gun for beating tanks. I could hit a tank on the other side of the Thames with one.

"They won't take me because I am 43. Won't take ME."

Hundreds of thousands of men, fine fighting material, are talking like that.

This Is the Only Way

So stop building camp gymnasia and shower baths. Build huts huts, huts.

Seize houses, houses, houses.

Fill them with men, men, men.

Let them wear their "civvy" suits. Let them shoulder arms with broomsticks.

With their French comrades-in-arms they are the finest fighting material this world has known.

Let them be trained at once!

In Italy Now

Strange things are happening in Italy. Things the Italians little expected would happen.

Hitler's first order to Mussolini was for the command of Italian submarines to be taken over by Nazi officers, the crews stiffened by Nazi personnel.

The German officers had been sent to Genoa months ago—as a naval mission.

Dodging Trouble

Then Germany ordered Mussolini to remove Crown Prince Umberto from the command of the southern army; appoint Marshal de Bono, arrant failure of Abyssinia, in his place.

Although Mussolini wants to avoid trouble at this juncture with the anti-Nazi Italian ruling house, he had to obey.

For Mussolini has a boss now. That's why he entered the war.

Master's Bidding

Now Nazis have been put in every Italian ministry and public utility department with a view to re-organising them on German lines.

Arturo Bocchini, head of the Ovra, Italy's secret police, has had to hand over his files and his power to Himmler, who uses revolvers and knouts instead of castor oil.

It won't be long before Italy realises she has been conquered like Denmark—but, unlike that country, has to fight at her master's bidding.

BRIGHT SPOTS

● Good has come out of our reverses. Allied Purchasing Commission in America reports that U.S., spurred by the threat to democracy, is working as frenziedly for the Allies as if she were serving her own armies in the field.

* * *

● There are transport bottle-necks, but huge quantities of war material already completed will pour through when these are opened out—which will be soon.

* * *

● We are buying as "obsolete" aeroplanes better than Germany's best, guns that represent the last word. Roosevelt's joke, "aeroplanes get out-of-date darned quick," has been accepted as an order to the nation to send us everything we need to ensure victory, except men. * * *

● **Germany's shock troops go forward like fanatics, but her field-grey masses, who alone can win for her, are driven from behind**

* * *

● Day after day they have been urged: "One more attack and victory will be ours tomorrow." When the time comes for the Allies to hit back they won't believe such promises.

* * *

● Russia has 9,000 heavy tanks. We are trying to buy some of them. Not so certain as you think that we shall fail.

* * *

● *Hitler himself realises that we won't continue in the mistake of estranging Stalin—now that common-sense has dawned here.*

* * *

● Nazis are alarmed by Soviet's frontier moves, chief of which is the taking over of the military protection of Lithuania. They recognise Russia is stealing all the points of advantage. Ready for war with Germany?

* * *

● **Population of Turin panics badly during each raid on local aero-factories. Mass hysteria has manifested itself.**

* * *

● *Hitler missed nearly all the gold in his sweep through the various countries. At least £100,000,000 has been transported safely in last two weeks to U.S., where it fights for the Allies.* * * *

● Italy finds she over-concentrated on flying-boats. War has shown that they can put up no fight against land machines.

Duce's Problems

Italy has to face more than guns and aeroplanes in this war.

She will be shut off from 83 per cent. of her needs in war materials. Even Germany won't be able to let her have coal, which has to travel along the most vulnerable coastal railway in the world.

Their Supporters

Then 9,000,000 Italians living in Italy are maintained or substantially maintained by remittances from relatives abroad.

From the United States alone more than £50,000,000 a year is sent home to "mamma."

Apart from the fact that this represents a substantial part of Italy's foreign credits, it isn't nice to have another 9,000,000 needy people to look after.

You Must Pay—

Did France's touching last-minute appeal to the United States move you? And did you wonder why we hadn't presented our case to the United States nine months ago?

Well, read this.

A contributor whose work you have often read in JOHN BULL finding he could get British propaganda pictures into a number of American journals, ordered photographs at the Ministry of Information.

"You'll have to pay copyright fees before you take them away," he was told.

Millionaire's Job

Only a millionaire could indulge in the hobby of telling the Americans the truth about the war at his own expense.

So the journalist concerned asked to see a still higher official.

"As a journalist you should know that it is illegal for us to engage in war propaganda in the United States," said the mandarin

Bit More Illegal

Enemies of France and Britain told President Roosevelt that it would be illegal for him to supply us with war stores.

He just did it—and be damned to them.

God knows how we want him to be just a little bit more illegal.

"THE TIME HAS COME—DANGER IS CLOSE"—Minister of Health

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FREE FOR EVERY READER

Registration Forms can be cut from past issues or obtained on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE)

No Such Job

More news about the "wanglers."

Clerk engaged on consumers' ledgers of a Warwickshire electricity concern was told by firm to register as "consumers' engineer."

"No such job," snapped the labour exchange clerk—whereupon his firm made him an "electrical engineer in an executive capacity."

And he'll never wear Army boots.

Boiler-Suit Dodge

Then men over military age serving with an Observer Corps unit attached to the R.A.F. in Yorkshire were staggered to be told they were no longer wanted, that some new men had been engaged.

They saw them arrive—healthy-looking fellows of military age for whom somebody is pulling strings to secure exemption.

And how many directors' sons are stepping out of plus-fours into boiler-suits?

His Idle Machine!

Meantime, an experienced machine-jig and toolmaker with his own plant can't get war work, although he is using his petrol allowance touring the factories.

"Your place is beside your machine, my boy," they say encouragingly.

But his machines are idle. So is he!

Who's Profiteering!

You still hear the sneer "profiteering munition-maker." But—

A £5-a-week engineer compulsorily moved (and rightly) to a munitions area, where his pay, with overtime, is now £7 a week.

"£2 a week bed and breakfast," said the first landlady.

"£4, full board," said another.

"£5 5s." said a third. Anyhow, having a family to maintain in London, he has had to give up beer and cigarettes.

Who's the profiteer?

Questions Waste Time

Question-time in the House of Commons must be dropped "for the duration."

It clutters the machinery of the House, wastes the energies of responsible Ministers.

Out of the hundreds of questions asked since the war began, not five have any real importance.

And some of the busiest M.P.s behind the scenes are men who make few speeches, ask no questions, seek no limelight.

Information Leak

Some questions give the Nazi information no responsible editor would publish, no cautious citizen utter.

Actual example—we may as well give it now that it has enjoyed world circulation:

"What steps is the Minister taking to safeguard from enemy action the road and rail bridges crossing the River Usk, and whether he is aware that these bridges are the vital traffic link between England and South Wales."

Their Own Censors

What would you have thought of the Minister concerned, Mr. Anthony Eden, if he had been silly enough to tell this Member — and the enemy — exactly "what steps he was taking" to protect the people of this country?

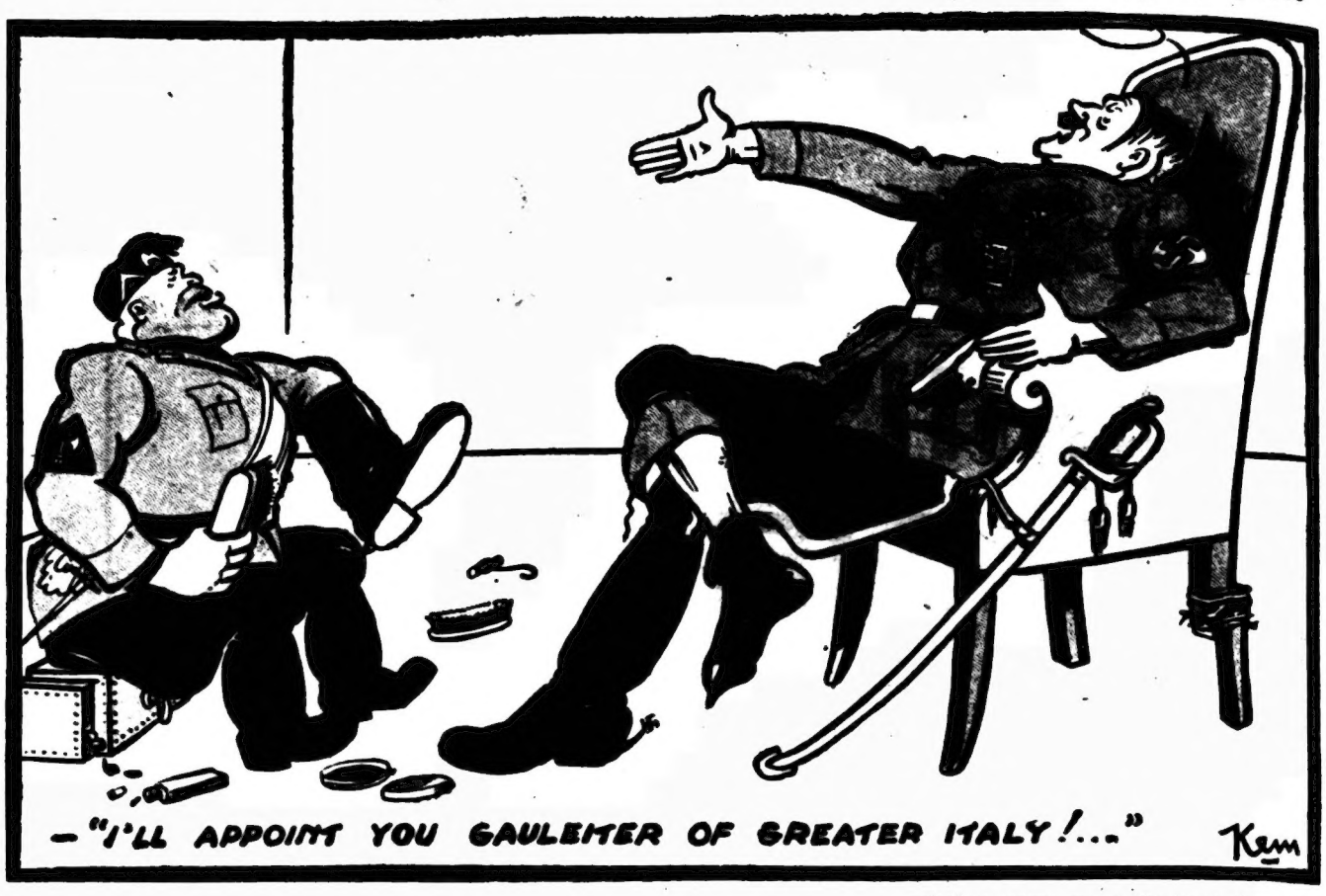
Newspapers are suppressing, as dangerous to the Defence of the Realm, questions that appear on the Order Paper of the House of Commons.

Right Idea—at Last

Britain's new war chiefs, doing great things, are finding Civil Servants prepared to rise to herculean efforts. Yet they think the Civil Service system bad.

London Chamber of Commerce urges that "the principle of personal responsibility should be substituted for that of conference, committee, department, and inter-departmental reference."

That's a paraphrase of what we've been saying for years.



- **War-Shy Clerks in Boiler Suits**
- **M.P.s' Questions Reveal Secrets**
- **Truth about German War Losses**
- **Evacuees Lined Up for Inspection**
- **Evil of Profiteering Landladies**

Germany's Losses

What is the truth about German war losses?

Well, Germany claimed that German, Austrian and Hungarian dead numbered 339,000, wounded 890,000, up to October 7, 1918.

Five weeks after war ended they admitted 3,250,466 dead, 7,822,028 wounded.

Obviously, they knock off the last nought as they did in the Franco-Prussian war.

So for admitted loss of 64,238 men in invasion of Low Countries read 642,380!

They were Lying

Let us test their claims as to our own losses in the same way.

When the last war ended the German people discovered that the Allied dead numbered one-fourth, wounded one-fifth and prisoners of war one-half what they had been taught to believe.

According to claims, they had brought down seven times more aeroplanes than the Allies had ever made.

The war over, they quite blandly said that such "stratagems"—which we call plain lying—were part of the technique of war.

Can't be Spared

In some munition factories the work of thirty men may depend on that of one key worker.

And that key worker might find himself impressed on the jury to hear some trying case going on for weeks.

We treasure our jury system. But we must give up much that we treasure while we are fighting for existence.

Pick the juries from the people who are playing no important part in the war effort.

This is Good Cheer

Here's something to tell the long-faced.

Chesterfield announced in 1756: "We are no longer a nation."

He had just heard of the Black Hole of Calcutta. With the surrender of Port Mahon we had lost Mediterranean supremacy.

The Duke of Cumberland had shamefully disbanded our entire army at Hanover—50,000 men. A Leopold act!

The Other Pitt

From Canada came the news that we had lost the forts dominating Lakes Ontario and Champlain.

The French Army out, there was battering us.

Then came Pitt. Within a year every one of those defeats was avenged. Within two years we were mighty.

The years round 1760 were the most prosperous in our history.

And to-day—no names, no pack-drill—we've got another Pitt.

Another Nazi Lie

Whenever you hear the rumour that the Germans have a gas, ray or implement that "hypnotises," kill it.

It comes straight from Berlin.

It was first designed to give Italians much-needed confidence. By this means, Italians were told, the defenders of Fort Eben Emael, in Liege, were paralysed into inactivity.

Next it was circulated in Spain.

Now it's here—a lie designed to give you the jitters.

These They Want

From several places we have received stories of little evacuees lined up so that people who are to accommodate them can pick those they want.

We would name them if it wasn't that the authorities thought they were acting for the best.

It is argued that under such a system there are fewer misfits.

There may be—at the cost of wounded hearts.

Need for Indictment

Yet there's one local authority that can offer no excuse for being blind to human sensitiveness. So we'll name it.

Canvey Island expects applicants for relief to queue up at the back door of a bungalow near the main road, in full view of passers by.

If you are interested in hearing how much they are going to give a soldier's wife, you can stand near and hear it.

Not on Your Life

From a part of Somerset that has no water supply apart from condemned wells, no drainage system, and only an open ditch for the sanitary disposal of the local school, we get news that child evacuees are due to arrive any moment.

Not if we know it!

Up to the Germans

Germans in the Ruhr were told in the B.B.C.'s German news recently that we are not waging war on German civilians, which is quite true.

But the speaker went on to tell them: "Keep away from military objectives, or, if that isn't possible, take refuge in the air raid shelters until the alarm is over."

Surely it is for the German authorities to see to that.

Try to be really decent and the Nazis think you are "easy game."

Up from Country

Just a little breath of sweet air from the country.

A farmer at Ashby Magna, Leicestershire, had a 60s. job in the mangold field, couldn't get the labour.

So the village turned out, headed by the vicar.

And the Red Cross has sixty bob to spend on the lads in France.

They're Helping, Too

Were you ever asked to spare a penny for the Chinese when their country was first invaded? We hope you didn't grumble.

A "John Bull" representative was in the Red Cross offices when a cable arrived from the East.

It told us that two ambulances were on the way "for the brave British boys," bought out of the shillings of 6,000 Chinese.

Pay for Soldiers

Vexed question of whether local government employees who join the Services should have their pay made up has been solved by the Kerrier (Cornwall) Rural District Council in its own way.

For a £300 a year official the answer is "Yes," for a thirty-bob a week clerk "No."

Yet most of the rates in that district come from working families.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR BY THE EDITOR

NO PASSENGERS WANTED

Victory or death. That is the issue, starkly and simply. In the gigantic struggle for victory — for that is what it must and will be—there can be no free rides for anyone

COURAGE is the one form of "active service" open to *every* man and woman in these days of grave tidings and heavy sacrifice. But it must be an active courage.

We shall win the war, for defeat is "unthinkable." It is literally "unthinkable" to brave people because they, like the magnificent French and British troops, would rather die than give in.

That's what it comes to: victory or death. And death itself doesn't matter if we can but build a new world for our comrades to inherit.

In the last war our troops borrowed and, of course, mispronounced, many common phrases from their French Allies. "*Ca ne fait rien*"—It doesn't matter—was one of them.

They went through hell and said: "San Fairy Ann!" They fought under incessant bombardment when sometimes no rations could be brought up the line. And still through cracked lips they said: "San Fairy Ann!"

That is the sort of courage that must be displayed now on the home front. Many of us are not in uniform, but the order of the day is: "Troops only!"

Britain cannot afford to carry passengers. And yet, even in this great emergency, there are still many paltry rogues who seek to ride free and ride "pretty."

We have denounced young men who have changed their professions or trades overnight deliberately to avoid military service, and our contempt for them is unabated.

We have pilloried the wasters and the pleasure seekers and the greedy minority of petty profiteers.

But there are still countless thousands of people, who *think* themselves good citizens and are yet content to let others suffer all "the toil and tears and sweat."

They are blinded by their own selfishness. They can't *see* that it isn't enough to "carry on" as usual when all that makes life worth living is at stake.

THEY are still obsessed by their own petty concerns; still bent upon making profits and keeping up their comfortable pre-war standards of life.

Poor fools! Some of them still want full holidays and expect to enjoy the usual round of trivial pleasure and small luxuries.

Unashamedly they boast of how they have "wangled" extra petrol, extra meat, extra sugar and extra butter. They might as well boast of stealing pennies from a blind man's hat.

People of this stamp—and their name is legion—refuse to make the slightest voluntary sacrifice. We know men who "haven't time" to do any sort of defence work because it would interfere with their regular rounds of golf.

One such beauty told us the other day that he had "rather thought" of joining the "parashots," but "he didn't fancy" being called out at night! He never blushed.

There are still women, thousands upon thousands of them, who never did much before the war and are doing just as little to-day.

They have "time to burn" and too much money to spend. They scramble to buy finery before it gets too scarce.

They say, with an air of pathetic helplessness, that they really don't know what they could do. And they take great care not to find out.

"Useless creatures"—they won't offer to help in canteens or to join sewing circles. They "can't be bothered" with their gardens and they "honestly" can't afford to support National Savings Schemes.

It is truly marvellous and most sad that such blindness and such folly should survive in a world that is changing before our very eyes.

Nay, the world has already changed, and out of the furnace of this war a new order of life must inevitably emerge.

LET us never lose sight of the cardinal fact that we *are* fighting for a better world. Indeed, we are no longer fighting to preserve the world we knew just as it was.

For it wasn't worth preserving.

Instant danger and dire emergency have forced us, if not to sell our ancient rights and privileges, at least to put them into pawn.

There is no liberty of the subject now; no liberty of speech; no true freedom of the Press. Even the great Trades Unions have surrendered—temporarily—some of those principles which they held most sacred.

Strikes and lock-outs are equally forbidden. Labour disputes must now be settled either by voluntary agreement or by enforced arbitration.

Dilution is not only permitted, but encouraged. Output, swift and effective, is all that matters. Skilled men have been taken away from their skilled jobs to train the "dilutees."

For a little while—a few days or a few weeks as the case might be—production suffered by this change over. Now it gains apace, because every "dilutee" made capable of handling his one essential machine, has given place to another learner, who will be handling another machine in the near future.

It is by this means that Ernest Bevin has already doubled the output of certain factories; by this means, too, that Lord Beaverbrook has in some instances speeded up the production of aircraft by 250 per cent.!

Incidentally, the unemployment figures have fallen to a record low level. Bevin says that, in one sense, these figures don't matter. For the moment he is less concerned about the unemployed, as such, than he is about manning the machinery of war to its utmost capacity.

How right he is! Morrison and Attlee and Greenwood are with him in this selfless and non-party drive. Beaverbrook, too. And the whole Churchill Government!

For the leaders of Labour and all lovers of social reform have had the sense to realise at last that our every hope of a better world is bound up in the necessity of victory over the pagan hordes who march under the Swastika and the servile emblem of the traitor Fascists.

Remember this: All the losses we have sustained to our liberty will be restored when we have beaten Adolf Hitler and his jackal, Mussolini.

And all the advances we have made towards a more reasonable and more honest social order will be maintained and consolidated.

We believe that this country will never again tolerate the dominant rôle which has latterly been played by vested interests and high finance.

The Government has, for instance, assumed powers to control banking because, unless it had done so, it could not have met and broken the challenge of "totalitarian" economy.

DO you think that, after we have won the war, we shall ever willingly bow our patient heads to the same old yoke? We think not. We believe implicitly that, from now on, the State will exercise an absolute control over the State's finances.

We have touched taxation levels—or plumbed taxation depths—greater than were ever known before. Good and well! What we can do now for war, we shall be able to do for peace.

We are aiming to-day at "equality of sacrifice"; we ought not to rest content when the war is over with anything less than equality of opportunity.

A final word: It is plain cowardice to admit the possibility of defeat. Loyal men and women will neither talk of this "unthinkable" disaster nor suffer it to be talked of in their presence.

But JOHN BULL tells you that we should all be prepared to build for victory to-day as selflessly as the coral insects build their mighty reefs.

We are confronted by the dreadful alternative of victory or servitude. The choice is so fearful that there is no choice.

Suppose France were overrun, which—Thank God!—it is not! Suppose these islands were subjected to incessant and destructive bombardment! Suppose our individual homes were laid in ruins and many of us were killed!

Suppose all these things—which we do not believe will happen upon any large scale—and still it were better to fight on than to surrender and to perish.

Courage is our sole duty. And, through our dauntless endurance, we shall live, or our children will live, to take up the glorious heritage of a brave, new world.

Individually what happens to us is of no consequence. Britain and France matter. And freedom and the right of all mankind to justice and to happiness and to fair security.

For the rest, who cares: "*San Fairy Ann!*"

THE HUMAN MACHINE

A Strong Weapon at Your Hand

THERE are two things about the mind that are of the utmost importance, the extent to which one mind can influence another, and the extent to which it can be influenced by other minds.

Psychologists call it "the power of suggestion," and its supreme importance lies in its power being greatest when its presence is least obvious. This influencing of mind by mind is insidious.

It is at the root of all propaganda. It is the basis of all big movements. It is the motive force of all mass action. It can sweep away logic and reason, and put passion and crude emotion in their place.

Rightly used it is a deadly weapon. Misused, it is a deadly curse.

Now it affects us all as individuals in that we are all influencing each other and being influenced all day and every day. This is inevitable, and we might as well acknowledge our power—and use it well.

We can spread cheer instead of gloom. We can radiate fortitude, determination and resolution. We can send out waves of confidence, and create around us an atmosphere of calmness and courage. We can do all these, just as easily as we can do their opposites.

Make no mistake. We cannot just be idle and inactive.

Whatever atmosphere we create is going to influence everyone we meet. It's up to us to see that influence is good.

SWASTIKA over the New World

PEOPLE OF THE AMERICAS ARE ONLY NOW BECOMING AWARE OF THE SPIDER'S WEB OF TREACHERY, WOVEN SO CUNNINGLY BY THE NAZIS FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC, FROM THE ARCTIC TO THE ANTARCTIC. THIS IS THE AMAZING STORY OF THAT INTRIGUE.

IT is doubtful whether even the stubborn growth of Nazidom in the Americas can weather the storm of anti-German feeling created by President Roosevelt's magnificent appeal to his people to help the democracies of the West to oust the "anti-Christian forces of barbarism."

So much has happened in the United States since the President indicted Mussolini for plunging a dagger into the back of his neighbour, that it seems the Americas are at last becoming alive to the machinations of the Nazis in the New World.

Canada has jailed all suspected fifth columnists.

America's latest Public Enemy No. 1, Herr Fritz Kuhn, Fuehrer of the Nazi-Amerika-deutscher Volksbund, has had his activities curtailed by a prison sentence for embezzlement while his energetic assistants are no longer given much liberty.

United States cruisers, on a good-will mission to the Central American States, are helping in the Great Continental effort to rid the world of the curse of the Swastika.

Yet it is time that the activities of Nazis in the New World were revealed in detail, just to show how thoroughly the Hitler fifth column works all over the world.

German minorities and affiliated groups, assiduously worked on by Gestapo and the Nazi Bund for Germans abroad, constitute a menace that is only now being realised to the full.

Nazi agents in Central America have been charged with fomenting revolution in Panama, establishing a pro-German Government and attempting to put the Panama Canal, most vital United States artery, out of action by sabotage.

The United States Government has definite evidence of this conspiracy.

THE Americas offer fruitful ground for Nazi conspiracy.

One-fifth of the population of the United States are of German descent.

Brazil has 750,000 Germans and 203 German schools.

Chile, Argentina, Colombia, Bolivia, Uruguay and Costa Rica are overrun with Germans and Nazi organisations.

Nazis make no secret of their aims. The German Foreign Propaganda Institute in the United States declares:

"America is rightfully German. German blood predominates in a majority of its citizens; the German Hour is imminent when the Germans here will rise and take over the United States."

Already this institute calls America "Unser Amerika"—"Our America."

Nazi methods are diabolically cunning. America has not only a powerful Jewish minority, but also 12,000,000 negroes, and the "Colour Question" is a constant source of controversy among Americans.

"Lynch Law" has its origins in the bitter hatred and contempt of Southern "White" Americans for their former slaves.

In some districts of the United States Nazis have no difficulty in persuading uneducated Whites that their misfortunes are caused by Negroes undercutting their standard of living.

Nazis profess their willingness to help Americans clean up this so-called "racial mess."

Then there is the Jewish problem.

Nazis know that nothing else so thoroughly splits a country wide open. Hence all their propaganda abroad is nearly 98 per cent. anti-Semitic. The farmer in the West is told that he is exploited by Jews in New York.

They trace every American ill to the Jews, claim that banks, newspapers and the Government are dominated by Jews.

Crude slogans of Britain's Fascists chalked on Whitechapel walls are mere child's play compared with the well-financed poison machine of Nazis in the United States.

FINALLY, the Nazis exploit the "Germanic problem," as they call it. Until the Nazis came to power, there never was a Germanic problem in any country.

The German abroad, left to himself, forgets his nationality.

"Nationality . . ." he says, "don't talk to me of nationality. Where I can sell my goods that is my country."

But for Nazis, Germanic blood and racial superiority is the essence of everything.

Nazis claim that the United States has so much German blood that Hitler only needs to arouse this "blood" to an awareness of its brotherhood.

Colin Ross, most active publicist in the Nazi Foreign Propaganda Institute in the United States claims:

"The forty million Germans in the Americas must be used to stop America from joining Britain and France in the war against the Reich."

No expense is spared by Nazi racial propagandists

The Foreign Propaganda Institute, compiling a German World Migration Register, is searching family Bibles and letters to trace all Germans who have emigrated during the last hundred years.

The Register will be a colossal list of "blood-brothers," who are to be bombarded with racial propaganda.

They do not confine propaganda to Germans. In one way, propaganda among non-German Americans is even more dangerous.

They claim that Nazism is a world movement, bound to lead to Teutonic domination of the United States.

Club-footed Goebbels has said, "The 'German idea' must conquer the world, including the United States, for the Germans are the Chosen People, selected by destiny and history to rule the earth."

The Nazi-Amerika-deutscher Volksbund, under Fuehrer Fritz Kuhn, has established free German language schools, free "organisation" centres and arranges numerous social and other activities to prepare youths "to become members of American Germandom."

The head office of the Bund in Stuttgart maintains that the "German man remains a German regardless of citizenship papers that he may possess."

A pro-Nazi American, E. D. Ward, is Lord Haw-Haw's American counterpart on the Nazi radio.

The programme of the Bund is "The union of all people of German origin in the United States."

And the movement is far more widespread than most Americans realise.

Given the opportunity, Hitler will demand "racial autonomy" for American Germans, as he did for the Sudeten Germans in Czechoslovakia.

Every day brings more instances of Nazi intrigue not only in the United States but also in other countries of the New World.

Costa Rica, on one side of the Republic of Panama, has just unearthed arms dumped near the frontier. They were ready to be run into Panama for use in a German-inspired and German-led "revolution."

Colombia, on the other side of Panama, has a Ribbentrop as leader of her Nazis. Erich, nephew of the Nazi Foreign Minister; his organisation had 500 members.

Now it has 2,000, and works in ten towns and cities, the two principal groups in Bogota and Cali wearing uniform.

Not only the Colombia Government but also the United States is disturbed by the Nazi practice of sending commercial pilots in relays for the German-controlled civil airlines, leaving them in Colombia only long enough to become familiar with the terrain.

The Argentine Government has just put special guards over the naval port of Bahia Blanca, and a new law has been passed to enable the Government to suppress societies with foreign connections.

Alfred Mueller, aggressive, fanatical Nazi leader in Argentina, is responsible for this law. But he did not welcome it.

MUELLER introduced Jew-baiting and terrorisation of non-Germans in Argentine. In the Goethe School in Buenos Aires he teaches:

"Whom have we to thank for everything?"

The children: "Our leader, Adolf Hitler."

More than 200 German schools in Brazil have had to subscribe, to Nazi teaching and theories through Mueller's activities.

And Ramon Farria de Zuniga, Brazilian disciple of Mueller, confessed that, inspired by the Reichstag fire and Munich beer-hall explosion, he had bombed the Nazi Brown House in Montevideo in March to arouse public sentiment against Jews and Communists.

Herr H. H. von Cossel, Brazil's Fifth Column ace, trained the "Integralistas" who led an unsuccessful revolt against the Government.

He was deported, but, according to Nazi Fifth Column traditions, he returned to Brazil on a diplomatic passport as "Cultural Attaché" of the German Embassy.

He taught castor-oil and bludgeon methods to Brazil's 750,000 Germans, formed storm battalions to beat up non-Nazis, smuggled arms and ammunition and secured German decorations for some of Brazil's military leaders.

SUCCESS of Nazi activities is illustrated by the toast to "the beautiful principles" of Nazism given by General Pedro Aurelio de Goes Monteiro, Brazilian Army Chief of Staff, in Berlin last year.

Uruguay, smallest of South American Republics, with a population of only 2,000,000, has a German minority that has increased from 1,000 in 1918 to 40,000 to-day.

Uruguay controls the meat packing establishments on which the Allies count for a large part of their supplies.

It is no coincidence that Uruguay has been chosen by the Nazis as South American headquarters.

The "Fuehrer" Propaganda Chief, Felix Schmidt, has established a Labour Front, Hitler Youth, Women's League and similar institutions, modelled on those in Germany.

Centre of the Fifth Column activity is believed to be the German firm, Siemens Bauerunion, which has imported a large force of Germans to build a hydro-electric plant at Rio Negro.

The Uruguayan Government, after creating a committee to investigate Nazi activities, has raided large stocks of Nazi machine-guns and ammunition.

Bolivia sends twenty-five Army officers to Germany each year to be trained in the German Army. Chile has her "Nazis," and many of her school teachers come from Germany.

The Nazi machine in the Americas needs careful watching. Only when the United States and other American Republics have put their own houses in order will their aid for the Allies achieve its maximum.

OPEN LETTERS

Senator CLAUDE PEPPER,
Washington

DEAR SENATOR,—If you don't know what a place you have won in British and French hearts, I am going to tell you.

Nearly ten months ago we, who had just embarked on a righteous war of liberation, felt sick at heart because so many million Americans looked on it as another dog-fight between people who just couldn't live at peace.

How could we convince your folk otherwise when every word that came out of the European cauldron sounded like mere propaganda?

It was at that moment that we became aware of you—quite dimly at first

You told them we were fighting against a world menace, as much on America's behalf as our own. They called you alarmist.

You fought to get us arms, aeroplanes, any implement of war we wanted—and quickly.

Defeat in the Senate merely spurred you on.

And, at last, too late to save Norway, Holland and Belgium, with your great President praying that you would win, you won.

Now nearly all Americans are saying: "The Allies have got to win. And we've got to see to it."

We had a man like you, once. Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, who recognised the German menace years before any of his countrymen.

We called him "Bobs"

"Bobs will do it," we used to say when there was a problem.

Your people say: "We'll put Pepper on its tail."

We think of you as we thought of Bobs—and I can't think of a greater compliment than that.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN,
Minister of War

DEAR SIR,—I thought it was accepted at last that a man who had served in the ranks makes the best officer.

Apparently I am wrong.

Spirited young men who registered on the Reserve of Officers, tired of waiting for a chance to do their bit, joined as privates.

Some of them were officially informed the other day that their commissions would take effect from a certain day. As soon as it was realised that they were already in khaki, they were told "with regret" that their names would have to be erased from the register because they were serving in the ranks.

That is putting a penalty on patriotism.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCIL,
Falmouth

DEAR SIRS,—United States leaders no longer think that they are so far away that they won't hear the sound of guns.

But not so Falmouth.

You haven't supplied one public air raid shelter for your 15,000 inhabitants, and the other people who have joined them since the war began.

Live in a fool's paradise if you like, but don't make women, children and the aged suffer.—JOHN BULL.

Sir Arthur DU CROS,
Craigwell Manor, Bognor Regis

DEAR SIR,—Lucky the men in certain Local Defence Volunteer units with which you are interested.

You make handsome cash grants to them towards their comfort—others to increase their efficiency. You have supplied them with an armoured lorry so that they can have a "flying squad" of their own.

It was your patriotism in placing your home at the disposal of our late beloved King George for his convalescence in 1929 that enabled him to regain the health and strength to stay with us a few more years.

Imitation—and there are many L.D.V. units that could do with the same help—would be the sincerest form of thanks.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. H. WOOLLEY,
Leicester Magistrate

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your broad-minded dismissal of the bad language charge against soldier Robert Stewart, just back from the hell of Dunkirk.

Chagrined because a car had just done what Hitler failed to do—bowled him over—he rose from the gutter and let out the Bad Word that made the modest avert their eyes.

Because local readers have written protesting that the police should never have preferred the charge, I gladly make known that it was only because Stewart was in "civvies," and didn't disclose that he belonged to the B.E.F., that the case was ever brought.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. A. V. ALEXANDER,
First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR SIR,—Canadians are saying you're a "hell of a fine fellow." Because, knowing Canada's determination not to be kept in the background in this war against Hitler, you are allowing the Canadian Navy to take its full share of the fighting

Many Canadian warships have already arrived in the fighting zone to relieve British ships. Such exchanges will continue so that every man will get that smack against the Nazis that he longs to deliver—and the period of rest that is so essential.—JOHN BULL.

Professor EWALD BANSE,
Berlin

HUN, — Your compatriots believe they've got a winner in your plan for the invasion of Britain.

All the German Army has to do is to land at six points between the Wash and the Sussex coast, occupy East Anglia as the permanent base for an attack on London, and then envelop our capital and our industrial Midlands with two pincer movements

You must have had many sleepless nights over that plan. It is worked out in the closest detail. You even describe the sub-soil in the different counties you intend to conquer.

But there's one unimportant trifle of which you make no mention. The people of these islands will have better uses for their right hands than the Nazi salute!—JOHN BULL.

KING HAAKON of NORWAY,
London

YOUR MAJESTY,—Not until it was proved to you that the Allied cause would be handicapped if you stayed did you consent to leave your country for a land that will treat you as its own.

And what a gust of optimism you brought with you.

"There is no man in Europe more certain of ultimate victory and the restoration of Norway—no man more determined to sacrifice himself in any way to achieve that end," I am told by one near to you.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN REITH,
Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR JOHN.—So the County Councils are after you again with grandiose schemes for improving roads that have no national defence value. Their hands are stretched out for the 60 per cent. of the cost from the Exchequer!

Send them packing. Private motorists should be able to put up with a few bumps in war time.

The country now wants both the labour and the money for other things. —JOHN BULL.

The JOINT MASTERS,
Devon and Somerset Staghounds

MADAM AND SIR,—You announce that your staghounds will begin hunting as usual in August.

Your supporters fear that, should war be permitted to stop hunting, it would never be possible to get the pack going again.

You may not know it, but hundreds of millions of people, determined on keeping the British Empire going, don't care a rap if stag hunting is killed in the process.—JOHN BULL.

Brigadier-General G. A. STREET,
Australian Minister of Defence, Sydney

DEAR GENERAL,—Hitler, wondering to what an extent the Mother Country can draw on the man-power of the Empire, will get little consolation from the message you have sent to London.

"Our decision is," you announce, "that Britain has an open cheque to draw on Australia's man-power as she thinks fit."

And that cheque, we know, will be met.—JOHN BULL.

General Sir EDMUND IRONSIDE
G.O.C. Home Defence

DEAR GENERAL,—Some of the leading pigeon fanciers, trying to convince the authorities how useful carrier pigeons would be to parashots, have been snubbed for their pains.

Patrols might see enemy parachute troops when miles from a telephone. But a trained bird would carry news to the nearest garrison at a speed of a mile a minute.

By the act of entering its loft the bird would automatically sound an alarm, the message attached to it would be read, and soon troops would be pouring to the point at which they were wanted.

There are no pigeons in the world so good as British pigeons. No country has so many of them, has trained them so well.

We entered this war under many disadvantages, so where we have got an advantage we may as well exploit it to the full.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. S. HUDSON,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—The decision to give farm labourers a minimum wage of 48s. a week was a belated recognition of two important facts.

One is that he has always been underpaid; another that it should not be too easy to induce him to give up the share of the national effort for which he is best fitted.

It is disgraceful that efforts are being made to thwart this overdue reform.

Certain County Wages Committees are doing it by increasing the farm labourer's hours. Because he will get no overtime, he will be drawing less money an hour than before he got his rise.

Certain farmers, unable to charge more for a farm worker's board than the rate arranged for their particular district, are insisting on somewhat extraordinary charges for "services."

The farmer has been given higher prices. He wouldn't like it, I know, if the Government made some new demand on him to negative this concession.

See to it that no farmer is permitted to steal back the labourer's "rise."—JOHN BULL.

Big Opportunity for Every Family

A magnificent, family size £7 7s. Canteen of Cutlery—JOHN BULL'S latest Presentation to its readers, which is announced on page 22.

This beautiful Canteen consists of no fewer than 84 pieces in a case of rich Jacobean oak shade.

The knives in this Canteen are made of the famous guaranteed Firth-Brearley stainless steel with mirror polish Spoons, forks, fish-eaters, sugar tongs and fruit server have a guaranteed deposit of PURE SILVER PLATING.

In the ordinary way a Canteen of cutlery such as this would cost at least £7 7s., but the terms on which it is offered to our readers enable everyone who applies quickly to obtain it without noticing the low cost.

"The Only Really Secret Weapon"

THERE'S only one secret weapon and it's the mightiest weapon of all, it's the Indestructible Wireless by which our souls can call on God to give us power, to uphold His Mighty Cause, it's the only real secret weapon which will win this War of Wars.

MAN'S science could not design it, it's beyond all human scope, it's a divinely appointed instrument and its controls are Faith and Hope. And when through prayer we use it, we flood forth an Endless Source of Good which conquers Evil wherever it sets its course.

AND so we will go forward knowing we can withstand whatever our foes may choose to do, on sea, or air, or land. For let your hearts remember that whatever we have to face, we can use our unconquerable weapon at any time or place.

SO if air-raids are raging, let us all, through their ugly din, keep our Soul's Set working and with brave hearts tune in to THE GREATEST OF ALL COMMANDERS, Whose Blessing we will receive to wear as a Decoration upon our Soul's Bright Sleeve.

J. M.

THE FIGHTING TURKS

What is Turkey like to-day? What does this romantic country of the East mean as a fighting force? Who are her military leaders? These vital questions are answered by "John Bull's" roving reporter,

HARRY GREGSON

TWENTY years ago in a squalid little town in the heart of the dusty Anatolian Plain, a few determined men met in conference.

The position of their country was desperate.

Its Dominions had been torn away.

Greek armies ravaged its most fertile provinces. British and French fleets held Constantinople. the capital.

Italian soldiers were trying to carve out a share of the country for themselves.

Levies of the Sultan, sworn enemies of any attempt to supplant the corrupt regime of their ruler, were intent on executing all who would not bow their heads in unconditional allegiance.

Peasants were starving, bandits infested the highways, and six years of continuous unsuccessful warfare had spread poverty.

Only lion-hearted men with great faith could have continued the struggle against odds that far outweighed anything the Allies are facing in their struggle to-day.

Yet the struggle was continued.

Victory was snatched from the jaws of defeat, and the product of that victory is the New Turkey, a nation of 18,500,000 souls, ally and friend of Britain and France in the Near East.

A few weeks ago I asked a Turkish general why Turkey was so attached to the Allied cause.

I suggested that perhaps Turkey would be glad to possess the Dodecanese Islands, off her coast, fortified by the Italians into formidable naval and aerial bases, so that they menaced Turkey's cities and harbours.

Friend of Britain, General Orbay, commander of Turkey's third army, seen (third from right) at the Anglo-Turkish military talks in London when he led the Turkish Mission. He once equipped an army by raiding the enemy's supply dumps.

Perhaps the New Turkey, knowing that no country can be strong that is without its own oil supplies, coveted oilfields around her frontiers. Perhaps she had an eye on former Dominions in Arabia, which had been part of the Turkish Empire during the rule of the Sultans.

"I cannot deny," the general answered, "that some of my countrymen want some of the things you mention. Yet such aspirations play no part at all in Turkey's friendship for the Allies.

"We detest Nazism and Fascism because we recognise that without respect for the pledged word, there can be no civilisation.

"Chaos would rule Europe and the Near East, and in that chaos Turkey's task of building a new civilisation in the Near East would never be accomplished."

This new Turkish civilisation has to be seen to be believed.

The squalid town in which Kemal Ataturk, founder of the New Turkey, and his collaborators met twenty years ago, is to-day a desert miracle. Modern administrative buildings, new offices and new factories rear their roofs to the skies.

From the modern railway station the eye wanders over row after row of neat villas mounting the hillside to culminate in the reddish palace with its broad terraces and flat roofs occupied by General Ismet Inonu, President of the Turkish Republic.

Ankara claims to have more foreign diplomatic representatives than any other capital in the world.

In the New Turkey there are no caravans, ancient peasant carts, or smelly Oriental markets.

Goods from Birmingham and big industrial towns of the West fill the shops. Modern cars speed over good roads.

HEALTH and education of the people have improved beyond measure, and the population is increasing at an enormous rate.

Even though she treasures peace and the progress that peace makes possible, Turkey is prepared to cast every peaceful achievement she has to her credit into the melting-pot to make the world and herself safe against aggressors.

Unlike some other democracies, Turkey has been far-sighted.

Turks saw the implications of Nazism and Fascism many years before Britain realised them.

They maintained their military, naval and air forces at a high standard of efficiency; although to-day no people hate war more than the Turks, there is no people who have less fear of being involved.

Look at the Anatolian peasants, the backbone of the Turkish Army.

There are all types among them . . . horsemen with Circassian blood in their veins, blonde men with greyish-blue eyes, who are the true Turks; swarthy brown-eyed tillers of the soil, who have descended from the mountains to cultivate the fields.

Their strength is prodigious.

Although seldom of great height, they can carry burdens which we would consider more suited to a horse.

Some of them, especially those from the mountain districts, love a fight.

A group of them will be discussing points about horses they have to buy or sell. Suddenly, in the distance, they will hear a shot fired.

EVERY man will stand transfixed for a moment, then a slow, happy smile will spread over his face.

Fighting satisfies what is almost a spiritual need with them, and at once, with whoops of delight, they are off to join in the battle.

We know the Turks of old.

The Anzacs, perhaps the best fighters in the world, praise the courage of the Turk at Gallipoli, in Palestine, and wherever they fought him in the Near East.

The Turks are fatalists.

They believe they will die when destiny calls, and will hold a post, untroubled by shell and bomb, until told to retire.

Turkey has 1,000,000 such men, fully equipped with Bren guns and French 75's, delivered chiefly by the Allies, ready for immediate service.

She has another 2,500,000 men in reserve.

Marshal Fevzi Chakmak, 61-year-old Turkish C.-I.-C., who fought against us at the Dardanelles, has also had an eye to the possibility of Turkish troops being needed outside her own frontiers.

ANATOLIA, comprising the greater part of the New Turkey, has so many great mountain defences that mechanised troops would have little chance.

Yet if Turkish soldiers have to fight in foreign fields, they will not be without tanks and armoured vehicles. It is said that Turkey could put two mechanised divisions in the field.

Marshal Chakmak also lays great weight on efficient pilots.

In few countries of the world has greater attention been paid to ensuring a regular flow of good fliers through training schools than in Turkey. They are needed for more than six hundred modern aircraft, chiefly Blenheims, Hurricanes and Potez, delivered by the Allies.

The Turks are also good mechanics.

A big navy is a luxury that can be afforded only by the richest nations, and far more valuable to the Allies than Turkey's cruisers "Yavuz," "Hamidye" and "Mecidiye" and her submarines and destroyers, are such naval bases as Gueldjuk, in the Sea of Marmora, which is costing Turkey £7,000,000.

Turkey's friendship also means that her airfields at Constantinople, Ankara, Eskischir, Konia, Izmir, Seyhan and Castelrosso are available to the Allies.

In military talent Turkey is second to none.

The Turkish soldier calls herculean Fevyi Chakmak, C.-I.-C. and "Father of the Army," the "Man who cannot retreat."

Once he led 100,000 men against a million Russians in the blizzard-swept Caucasus.

Four-fifths of the army perished from exposure, but the remnant held out, returned to the attack, and beat off the Russians.

The epic of this "Lost Army," which was cut off from the rest of Turkey for months yet emerged as a victorious unit, is repeated to every Turkish schoolboy.

General Altay, Commander of the First Army Corps, once captured a Greek general and the whole of his staff, by a daring sortie behind the enemy lines.

General Orbay, friend of Britain, who headed the Turkish Military Mission to London, commands the Turkish Third Army. He once equipped Turkey's front line troops with rifles and equipment from material captured during several daring raids.

GREATEST soldier of all is General Ismet Inonu, courteous and refined President of the New Turkey, whose military prowess, since he first deserted law to join the army at the age of seventeen, has given him the highest post in the land.

In the Great War Turkey's participation on the side of Germany lengthened hostilities by two years, it has been estimated. Had we captured the Dardanelles, one of Germany's most vital links would have been severed.

In this war the Dardanelles are in hands friendly to the Allies.

Turkey is a stronghold of sanity in the Near East, whose value to us, apart from her military strength, cannot be underestimated.

Like the Crusaders of old, she holds aloft the banner of probity and honour for the pledged word in the gunpowder pot of the Balkans.

In these days of trickery and broken faith this good friend stands out, a beacon in the dark seas of Nazi frightfulness.

Seven Men will Foil Nazi Oil Conquest

YOU cannot darken the sky with aircraft or foul the ground with tanks without eventually running short of fuel supplies.

And when inevitably a shortage of oil causes the headlong rush of the Nazi mechanised columns to slacken speed, Hitler may strike at the oil wells of Rumania with the army he is holding in Carinthia.

When that happens, seven men from Texas have detailed instructions about what they must do. Representing the interests of the British, French and American oil companies, who own eight-tenths of Rumania's supplies, they are skilled in the handling of "soup"—better known as nitro-glycerine.

The moment Hitler's armies attempt to cross Carol's dyke these drillers will blow up every single well owned by the Allies and the United States.

If German troops reach Ploesti and Giurgiu, centres of Rumania's oil industry, they will find only ruined derricks and oil wells aflame. It happened successfully in the last war: it will happen again.

To prevent foreigners moving in the oil well areas, Rumanians have issued special passes to oil field workers, Rumanians as well as to foreigners.

Outside interests, maybe the selfsame interests that have bought millions of gallons of oil to prevent Hitler getting it, pulled wires behind the scenes to make sure that Fifth Columnists could not interfere with the work of destruction—just for a change.

Wells would not be permanently ruined. It would take German engineers from six to eighteen months to put them right. In this time, the Allied Army in the East would not be idle.

Careful timing and dynamite will cheat Hitler. Yet that is not all. Alert to possibilities of sabotage and destruction throughout the Middle East are innumerable glycerine gangsters who have their full instructions on what to do should Hitler march.

Bulgarian wheat would set the skies aflame.

French and British oil tankers would be sent to the bottom of the Danube, particularly in those narrow channels where they might be counted on most successfully to impede German navigation. Tin and timber stores would be set afire.

They have been bought by the Allies.

They are continually being bought and paid for. But, maybe, we shall still have standing stocks in the Balkans when the Nazis arrive, and the Allies are taking no chances.

The Spectre Behind Hitler

These glimpses of smouldering opposition inside Germany show that fear of eventual annihilation and discontent with meagre food rations are developing so rapidly that Hitler must employ vital man-power, Himmler's militarised Gestapo, to battle against opposition at home. No wishful-thinking, this article is composed only of facts, disclosed through neutral sources by exiled German leaders able to gauge the reactions of their own war-harassed countrymen.

"I have seventy million headaches," said Heinrich Himmler, despotic ruler of Hitler's secret police. But how long can an abundance of Gestapo thugs balance a shortage of bread?

"MY organisation watches every man, woman and child in Germany," said Heinrich Himmler, boss of Germany's notorious Gestapo. "I have seventy million headaches, yet I see that none of them develops into a national cancer."

But the time is coming when his despotic master will find that you cannot always maintain the balance of a nation at war by adding to your regiments of armed police to compensate for decreasing supplies of food and larger and larger casualty lists from the battle areas.

For a short time strong-arm methods will subdue your workers. Yet even Himmler cannot deal with the increasing number of strikes in the Third Reich in the brutal way that he "satisfied" the protests of the men in the assembly lines in the huge Karlswerke (Carls Ironworks) at Cologne-Muelheim only a few days ago.

When the men staged a sit-down strike against starvation rations, long hours and inhuman conditions, they were granted all that they asked. Then they were sent home.

At dead of night, grim troopers, wearing the olive-drab uniform of the hated Gestapo, called on the ring-leaders of the strikers, dragged them from their beds, riddled them with bullets from their deadly sub-machine guns and left the relatives to have a good look at the bodies before they were carted away.

Survivors of that strike are now back at work with rations still further reduced.

There have been similar strikes in the Neptune Works, at Rostock, centre of the U-boat building industry; at the aircraft works of Blohm and Voss in Hamburg; at the steel foundries on Goering's works in Austria. Many of these workers have been granted extra food rations.

But this cannot go on.

If Hitler is to fight at all, he must fight with two armies.

THE Reichswehr regular army is needed on the battlefront, but Himmler's no less precisely trained Gestapo, sinister, heavily-armed and equally formidable, is needed at home to prod civilians into maintaining even a demonstration of a war effort. Germans living in exile, watching Himmler's Gestapo trying to keep pace in growth with the rapidly increasing spectres of fear and discontent, feel that the tension in the Third Reich is now greater than it was in 1918 just before the collapse.

Among these is Albert Grzesinski, head of Germany's secret police before Hitler came to power, and who fought the National Socialist party when it was still an underground movement. He now has a shrewd estimation of the Nazi hold over Germany.

"Germany is proud of her army's victories," he has declared in an interview published in the American magazine "This Week," "but these have only served to increase the nation's jitters. Germans now know that the real war is on, and fear that after the premature explosions are over the war will be fought to a finish on their own soil."

This is vividly illustrated, he says, by the persistence with which the people of the cities have been listening day and night to foreign radio stations since the Scandinavian adventure—even though they know that the penalty for it is death. No threat of death can prevent a mother, worried about the fate of her misguided soldier sons, from probing the ether in search of the truth about the way the war is going.

Under the cloak of this prevailing nervousness and desire for news, adds the ex-chief of secret police, the "opposition groups" have increased their activity.

Strikes, sabotage, farmers' resistance, Monarchist plots, and revolts against Hitler's oldest Brownshirt comrades have struck at Hitlerism since the war started.

And now these groups are more active than ever before.

"Sabotage is not widespread," he says, "but it is reported by the Gestapo in the most crucial portions of German industry.

"In the huge smelting works at Duisberg, defective products have become so common that Himmler experts now supervise every pouring.

"Railway police have been entirely replaced by Gestapo guards in Munich since epidemics of broken axles started blocking dozens of tracks with disabled freight trains.

"High point of this effort at sabotage was the collapse of 112 axles on a single freight train before it could be hauled piecemeal back to the repair yards."

GERMANY'S peasants, traditionally rugged defenders of their hard-won property, also keep the Gestapo on the alert.

Stringent war regulations, under which the grain harvest was seized in the fields, were accepted reluctantly as a war measure, but when Nazi stewards were "installed" to see that crops did not fall below the usual, farmers began to rebel against what was obviously "collectivisation" at its worst.

A wave of arson showed that farmers preferred to fire their crops rather than submit to Nazi over-lordship.

This dangerous form of rebellion started in the agricultural areas around Keil, then became so severe in the Goerlitz territory in Silesia that twelve battalions of Death's Head Gestapo, the most formidable and ruthless of all Himmler's paid assassins, were set to patrolling lanes and watching farmyards.

Yet they could not prevent so many barns and storehouses going up in flames that the official fire-loss insurance for Germany has risen from 1,450,000 marks a month to 4,200,000 marks a month.

It was not until an early curfew was enforced that the "ringleaders" were caught. Only those who know the brutality of the Death's Head troopers can imagine the price paid by those who made a last stand for freedom in Nazi Germany.

Still, it is such mutinous activities as this that caused Himmler to create his war divisions of Black Guard and Gestapo, clothed in olive-drab uniforms, equipped with sub-machine guns, mechanised artillery and fighter and troop-carrying aircraft. It is obvious that Himmler expects only the worst from his manacled countrymen.

Albert Grzesinski has pointed out that there was not one political prisoner in Germany when the last war started. Yet the Gestapo statisticians admitted the day before Hitler's grey hordes entered Poland that there were 436,589 "unreliables" in Germany's concentration camps, jails, penitentiaries and secret prisons.

Yet it is firmly believed that this number has been doubled in the last eight months, and official "execution" figures show that at least one hundred and eight civilians have been officially "liquidated" for some slight opposition to the State's war effort.

NO mention is made in these figures of the Gestapo's massacre of Monarchists.

As usual, these paid murderers employed a decoy plan that was bewhiskered in the days of the Borgias. Yet it succeeded. Gestapo gunmen rounded up Monarchists by staging a "gala hunt ball." in a Silesian castle.

Invitations suggested that there was something more to the dance than the music. And there was. Monarchists expected to discuss the downfall of Hitler to the rhythm of the dance music, but they died to the music of machine guns.

Dragged from a room in which they were discussing the war, eight titled men were promptly shot, and of the others who vanished the fate of a dozen is still a mystery even to their families.

This massacre of Monarchists was caused by the flood of letters being sent to the ex-Kaiser at Doorn, urging him to intervene to save Germany from the inevitable fate that must follow Hitler's mad attack on the democracies.

Himmler organised a special department of the Gestapo to watch the men who wrote these letters. They have all disappeared. Typical of this secret purge of Monarchists is the death of Count Wilhelm von Wedel, police president of Potsdam.

His family regretted his death, caused by a "brief, sharp illness."

But a shiver of apprehension ran down the spines of other Monarchists when they read the obituary, published in Himmler's own newspaper.

The Count was formerly a high officer in Himmler's black storm troops, and in clipped words that rang with sinister meaning the obituary pointedly mentioned his tributes in the past tense.

"We were once proud of his work for Hitler," it said. "He had been a true Black Guard."

Definitely a Has Been, and a warning to others. . . .

YET the Count was not the only member of the Gestapo to feel resentful.

Himmler's greatest headache comes from trying to prevent such splits in the ranks of his secret police.

He can watch every man and woman and child in the Third Reich only as long as his assistants remain loyal. When he has to keep a check on those who are keeping check on others, his task becomes something more than the mere running of a State mafia.

The simple-minded brutes who make such good Black Guards can't understand why their Fuehrer should have signed a pact with Stalin, allowing him so much of rich Poland. But if they dare to put their criticism into so many words they are hurriedly "transferred" to camps in East Prussia, where they work on the roads from dawn till dark, spend an hour each evening being instructed in the "new Nazism."

School-teachers, arrested for reading "Mein Kampf" to their pupils in a way that suggests criticism—many have lately been emphasising those passages in which the Fuehrer promises a drive against craven and Jew-dominated Russia—have to "instruct" these doubting Black Guards. There are a thousand and one punishments awaiting the man whose instructions are not according to "the book."

Himmler is doing his best.

Newspapers urge children "to inform on your parents as well as on others. The Fatherland comes before parents."

Every household must be equipped with three door keys. Two for the family, one for the Gestapo.

Cinema screens offer rewards for anti-Nazi whisperers.

WOMEN employed by the Gestapo stand in shops where housewives complain of the short rations, praising Hitler's work in loud voices, surreptitiously taking names of those who make the most persistent complaints.

Gestapo warnings indicate that flogging is too good for those unfortunates on whom their eyes are resting.

Yet for all this, discontent grows as fast as the Gestapo itself.

Himmler has recruited another 100,000, bringing his battalions of butchers to half a million men. But the rebels are too legion to be counted.

Not yet ripe for open revolt, they cannot continue for long to be subdued by the Gestapo Feldjager—hunters—for they are asked to suffer more than human endurance can stand.

The stern realist, fully imbued with the severity of warfare, may think that the Nazi decree condemning six million pet dogs to death is but a small incident when men are dying in such large numbers.

But imagine the effect that such an order would have in Britain, where even the newspaper sellers wrote the news of the German decision on their contents bills with complete disregard of news from the battle-front.

Yet Germans are equally keen dog-lovers.

The smouldering opposition of people ground down by such inhuman laws as this will eventually burst into a flame that no amount of secret policing will extinguish.

Nazi "Educational Hours" are repeatedly based on an explanation of the principles of the secret police.

"It's our secret police that gives us the last and decisive advantage over the effete democracies," it is said. "Their peoples, insufficiently disciplined, will be the first to revolt against continuation of the war."

No mention is made of the terrible danger of such "discipline" driving revolt so deep down into the fabric of a nation that when it inevitably seeks to expand it blows the whole structure to atoms.

Even though revolt inside Germany may not yet be ripe, may not come this summer, or even in the autumn, the Nazi régime is sitting on a leaking powder keg.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

WILY FINANCIER'S "COME-BACK"

WHEN I heard somebody describing an optimist as a man who had never had any experience, I thought of the Bank Typewriting and Secretarial Offices, Limited, the Managing Director of which is Mister Benno Wolf, a man of German origin, now a naturalized British subject.

But don't imagine that he is a big bad City wolf, lurking, like his counterpart in Walt Disney's Silly Symphonies, behind the pillars of the Stock Exchange.

My investigators have found that among the business addresses that he uses there is listed the lair of Henry Allen Ashton, so-called "Company Consultant" and "Financier," who has been a menace to certain sections of the public for something like a quarter of a century.

I have never lost an opportunity to bombard the widespread operations of Henry Allen Ashton in the hope that, even though he was not actually put out of action, some potential clients would be warned against him in time.

He is so deft in handling Company Law that he knows how to keep himself clear of any official trouble despite the fact that so many complaints have been made about him.

He has profited from the credulity of dupes willing to part with large sums of money for the formation of companies to take over their business interests.

Henry Allen Ashton certainly formed the companies, but the capital they believed would be forthcoming was frequently not available.

Not long ago an investor lost £250 through believing Ashton's stories.

That is why I am only too delighted to reveal that Ashton, whose activities in one concern or another have been dealt with by me nearly forty-five times in fifteen years, is associated with Benno Wolf in a company that has three premises within a mile of St. Paul's Cathedral in the City of London.

So far the Bank Typewriting and Secretarial Offices, Limited, registered only in April, has little money paid up, but it has already approached a large Trade Protection Association—in vain I am glad to add—for support for the benefit of its "clients."

One of the schemes, apparently, is to undertake advertising in a big way. It is said that the company's ramifications will shortly be extended to the United States of America.

While Henry Allen Ashton's name is connected with this or any other enterprise—I strongly advise everyone to steer clear. Ashton is a very wily financier!

The Greatest of These

WITH ten children under sixteen years of age to feed and clothe on her husband's unemployment relief, Mrs. P. Hughes, of Wishaw, Lanarkshire, finds life difficult enough without having to tackle additional problems that are now facing her.

Yet four of her children now have measles, one is in hospital with gastric trouble, and a sixth, a twin, is struggling in the grip of pneumonia.

The other twin died only recently, and his death not only caused the father to miss the opportunity of finding a job, but also completely overwhelmed the family's inadequate budget with funeral expenses.

Now Mrs. Hughes, unable to meet the rising tide of difficulties, has appealed to JOHN BULL for help. She certainly needs every consideration.

Please earmark donations "Ten," and post to "JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application. We are grateful to the readers who subscribe anonymously, and under various pseudonyms.

Wicked Racket

EQUALLY as dangerous as a public enemy is the sinister clairvoyant, now making a good thing out of the war by sitting in her darkened suburban back parlour preying on the anxieties of people in need of comfort.

Local newspapers all carry heavy crops of advertisements in which palmists, crystal gazers and similar mountebanks proclaim their ability to peer into the future, reconnoitre the present and raise hobgoblins of hope.

And their success among the womenfolk of men now serving in the Forces is shown by the growing number of letters I am now receiving all bearing testimony to these despicable practices.

Such shameful meddling with the occult would be worthy of indictment even if it went no farther than merely telling a woman whose husband is struggling in the midst of battle that her future is full of happiness, her "life-line" strong, and her good fortune assured.

Some of these contemptible charlatans often pass on information pumped from their wretched victims in moments of deep confidence to scoundrels who then use it to blackmail them.

Don't put your trust or your money into the predatory hands of these shameful cheap-jacks.

Vanishing "Patriot"

EILEEN WHORROD doesn't live in Knightsbridge any more.

She left London's West End because she couldn't fool all the people all the time with her grandiose scheme to organise "Britain's Fourth Line" even though she did her best with bombastic, magnificently printed literature and most appealing circulars.

This patriotic venture, launched at the outbreak of war, was to begin by turning a Devonshire farmhouse into a convalescent home for troops and civilian victims of air raids. There were to be qualified nurses, "life brigades" of boys and girls, corps of cyclists and cadets in attendance.

It was not difficult to create general interest in such a well-meaning scheme.

But there are many people to-day who regret they ever had dealings with this woman. Among the victims is a man who was left almost penniless.

No wonder Eileen doesn't live in Knightsbridge any more.

Still, she'll be bobbing up again somewhere, just as she bobbed up in Greenford, Middlesex, started a medical supplies scheme and then vanished again.

It's an ingenious way of living—until you're found out!

Watch These Men

MISTER "HUGH" SEYMOUR—his real name is Arthur Solomon—is a most plausible charlatan who has lately been busy in Coventry and Cleethorpes.

He trades on the magnificent advertisements in which he describes himself as a Specialist. He may appear in your home town next.

Bladon Hackett, of Old Brompton Road, Kensington, London, W., should cook his own goose by the audacious way he has of saying there "is no ailment that cannot be helped and few that are incurable, save in very advanced stages."

Some of the testimonials sent out with his claim to have effected "Amazing Health Regeneration" are really too comical.

Don't let him put you among his patients.

The Universal Correspondence Club, Victoria, London, S.W., invites membership for a fee.

Its object chiefly is to put people in touch with one another for "Friendship" purposes. Mr. Bertram Clare, who is the proprietor, has been doing well from subscriptions for years.

Cut him out!

E. W. Brooks, Manufacturers', Printers' and Publicity Agent, is just another fee-snatcher, whatever he may say about the business he controls from a dirty back street in North London.

M. Lawrence is the proprietor of the "Kismet Fellowship Club (Universal)." "Friendship is love without his Wings" in his motto, rudely borrowed from Byron. Scheme is a disguised matrimonial agency. That is why I am not revealing its address.

"Snowball" in Silk

"SOUNDS too good to be true," says A. E. Evett, of Finchley Road, London, N.W.3, with amazing candour, when announcing the scheme by which his "Home Circle Trading Company"—which he has not bothered to register either at Somerset House or under the Business Names Act—would supply a housewife with "three pairs of lovely stockings for a shilling."

His circulars, given the right appeal by intriguing sketches of legs and lingeries, are flooding through letterboxes all over the country.

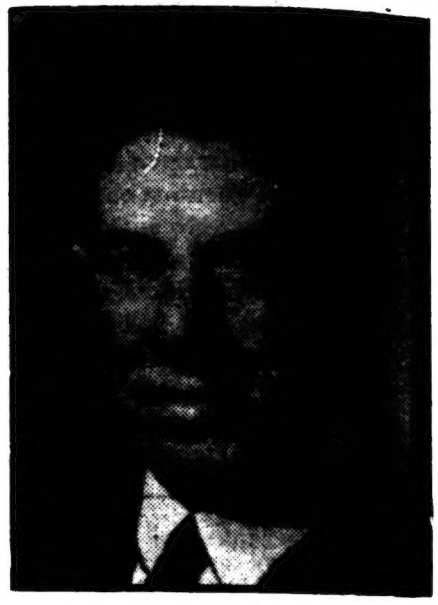
And deep down under Evett's suggestion that he wants his customers to help in paying for distribution lies just another "snowball" scheme.

A housewife receives a book of four coupons which she sells for four shillings. She then sends the four shillings, plus threepence, to cover postage, to Evett. The four persons who each bought a coupon from her have in turn each to sell a book of four coupons, send off the four shillings and threepence.

Only when that is complete does the first woman become entitled to her stockings. Yet Evett has received 21s. 3d.—five four-shillings-and-threepences—before he thinks of sending off any stockings. That means they are worth 7s. 1d. a pair.

Before the first four persons to buy coupons receive their stockings, the sixteen people who bought their coupons must have sold sixty-four coupons, remitted £3 8s. to Mister Evett, who runs no credit risk and does not even give details of the stockings that are supposed to be so lovely!

No wonder the promoter of this commercial snowball scheme says his latest Home Circle Trading Company offer is "too good to be true."



Mr. G. Russell Chapman, General Secretary of the Advertisers' Association, who does his best to suppress the advertisements of bogus financiers

Crooks Get Busy

ASK a policeman and he will tell you that a "Jostler" is a "polished pickpocket."

There are far too many "jostlers" hanging around London's West End, and you'd be wise to keep an eye on your portable valuables.

The other day a Government official, arriving in London from Hong Kong, discovered on returning to his hotel apartment after having a shower, that his wallet, containing money and valuable papers, had disappeared.

Describing his loss to the police, he suddenly remembered being "jostled" by two men in the lounge of an hotel. He was then told that even though his money had gone, there was good reason to believe that his papers would be returned.

Sure enough, the police handed him his papers next day. His wallet, containing everything except his money, had been found in a West End sand-bin.

This is the work of a gang of superthieves who have been busy lately stealing wallets. They always take redeemable valuables, but throw personal papers in receptacles where they will be found and returned to their owners.

One man lost £200, but his identity card, passport and such-like were returned to him.

Among these "jostlers" is a well-dressed, well-spoken society thief who is known to the police in Sydney, New York and London. Another is the disinherited member of a family that once held a high position in the Royal Household.

Watch for the "jostlers."

GUINEA FOR PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. E. L. Davies, 72, Hill Lane, Southampton, receives this week's Guinea for writing to me about a matter that is useful for my records.

I do not mind how many letters I receive. I deal with all of them personally before they are handed out for enquiry.

When Big Capitals Strip For All-in Action

In recent years, famed European capitals, once thought to be impregnable, have fallen like ninepins. Here are some cameos of life in besieged cities, from the Warsaw of 1939 to the Paris of 1871. It was then that the world was told: "Paris has fallen. The Prussians are looting the city."

Madrid prepares for the final state of siege . . . . the same spirit of enduring human courage, living dangerously even though grievously besieged, was shown throughout the Spanish war.

WHILE the news of the fall of Paris, flown to London by carrier pigeon, was being read by British people with almost complete indifference, in 1871, a young officer in the Prussian Imperial Guard was writing home to his mother in Berlin. He was surprised that so little damage had been done to the French capital.

"The French held out tenaciously," he said, "and, with such courage to overcome, you would be surprised how difficult it is to conquer a modern city, with its sprawling suburbs defended by trained soldiers, courageous burghers and their defiant womenfolk.

"On every hand there is evidence of the terrible plight of these noble fighters. I am told that they have been eating cats and rats, even dogs. And our troops report that there isn't a scrap of food to be seen in the city.

"I won't cause you distress by describing the emaciated, diseased condition of the people who remained to face us. Their bravery deserves a better fate than they are getting.

"And even though our men must be allowed some latitude once they were in full possession of a city, they still seem to respect the people who have shown such proud resistance.

"We are still discussing among ourselves the daring of many people who escaped from the stricken city by means of balloons In future these creatures of the air may play an important part in a siege action. . . ."

Such was the comment of an enemy, marching into conquered Paris in January, 1871, after fighting in the suburbs for four bitter winter months.

Even if the sub-machine guns of the Gestapo had left a German aristocrat alive, it is doubtful whether his Nazi upbringing would allow him to pay such a compliment to his gallant foe to-day.

Yet he would, if he were honest, find that not only the same tenacious spirit of bravery exists, but also he would admit that a "modern city" is still a difficult military proposition.

Sixty years pass. . . . From the trenches in the suburbs of Madrid there came a small, tired school-boy, dragging with him a man-size rifle. "I am going back for some food," he told a JOHN BULL man who had crept out to watch the fighting. "But I'll have to get back soon. There were only five men in our family, and I'm the only one left to carry on."

And it was the spirit that burned in this youngster that kept Madrid from falling into the hands of Franco's men through thirty months of siege.

"*No pasaran*" shouted the deep-throated men of Madrid, just as the veterans of Verdun first shook the world with that terrific cry: "They shall not pass."

* * *

AND the story of any siege is not of generals, of cunning strategy, of fierce attack and counter-attack, but of ordinary anonymous men, not well organised or well equipped, not showing their courage in a quick action, but in their ability to go on refusing to despair.

Men taking part in the defence of Madrid never knew when the shells would start to fall again in a fresh place, a vulnerable spot that they could not possibly hold for long.

Such foods as butter, milk, eggs, and even meat, were things they remembered from the past.

At any moment yet another air raid might start.

From a clear sky could fall canned death. A living creature might at any moment be only a bundle of rags. Yet the people of Madrid went to the cinema to the last. They laughed in their cafés even though there was no coffee to drink, and men rose from their beds in the early morning to go to the trenches as though they were going to clock-in at a factory.

And when at last Madrid fell, a victim to Franco's fifth columnists rather than to the big guns, the tanks and the bombers that had been worrying at the city's skirts for so long, the conquering troops travelled from the suburbs to the *Gran Via*, Spain's Piccadilly, by tube.

Ticket girls, who had kept to their jobs in the underground throughout the war, made the invaders buy tickets for the journey before allowing them to board the train on the way to their formal occupation.

The city was in ruins, the people bewildered, starved and harassed, but life was still running sufficiently smoothly for the ticket girls to challenge the victorious troops.

Yet not a shot had been fired since the fifth columnists had entered the streets that morning crying: "*Franco, Franco, Franco. . . . Arriba Espana!*

* * *

JULIEN BRYAN, the American cameraman, describing the Nazi savagery unloosed during the siege of Warsaw, said it was a commuter's war.

"The trenches were on the edge of the city," he said, "and soldiers kept coming back from the front each day to share their food with families, or at least to make sure that their families were provided for.

"Losses among civilians were greater than among soldiers, and often it was not so much a question of a husband returning alive from battle as of the family remaining alive at home."

* * *

SITTING at a microphone in his office, rocked by shell bursts and endangered by shrapnel from bombs, Stefan Starzynski, mayor of Warsaw, stripped his city for action, kept his people at their battle stations until the last.

"Go to the slaughter-house," he thundered above the roar of falling debris. "Pigs have arrived. Help the butchers there. Go to the post-office and pick up the mail yourselves. The banks are open, so do your banking. All stores must be kept open."

High above the city, Enrico Altavilla, Italian newspaper correspondent, taken aloft in a Nazi bomber "to see the fun," was scribbling: "Our objective was the great bridge over the Vistula. As we flew over its nine spans we saw it was packed with armoured cars, trucks and private vehicles. In their panic they had created a jam.

"I saw a truck full of soldiers tossed in the air."

Meantime, Julien Bryan was saying: "At first we had only bombs to worry about . . . but then the artillery came within range of the city. A girl of seventeen had found a mirror and was primping beside the ruins of her home.

"A little girl stood transfixed beside a dead woman, her older sister. 'Oh, my beautiful sister,' she wailed, 'what have they done to you?' A boy was walking dazedly back and forth carrying the one possession he had found—a canary in its cage.

"A mother was sitting on the ground peeling potatoes. Two little boys were playing football. Whole families were gathered in a courtyard, still hot from the fire, collecting their few pathetic belongings—a picture of the Virgin, a tin basin filled with cabbages, bedclothes.

"I came upon an old woman standing before what had been her home. It was in ashes, and a tea-kettle was still steaming on the remains of the stove. But the heat came not from the stove but from the burning building. The bare skeleton of her iron bedstead stood a few feet away. She kept poking about in the glowing ashes. . . ."

Each night Nazi bombers destroyed another section of the city; the homeless wandered about looking for shelter. The dead lay in the streets; the men in the suburbs continued to fight. Yet the mayor kept on telling his people to go on living "as normally as possible."

Such is human endurance in a modern siege; it can never be defeated by mere brutality.

They'll do Anything for Money!

MANY slick people know how to live well on little or no money. Tradespeople are their chief victims.

Germany has learned to do the same thing on a national scale.

Hopelessly bankrupt as a nation, her people bled white of savings, her gold backing a farce, her currency a laughing-stock the whole world over, she yet managed to fight a war costing her 11½ per cent. more than it costs Britain and France combined.

People of countries she has overridden—her own workers included—are *her* victims.

This story of a horse shows you how she does it.

This horse was one of thirty-three owned by a Czech farmer before the Nazis invaded his country.

The others were farm stock, but this particular horse, old, shaggy and trustful, was his pet.

The Germans demanded all his horses.

The farmer pleaded for the one that was too old to work, but the "conquerors" took the lot.

Before the horses were led away the farmer scratched on an aluminium garden label an appeal to any new owner to treat his pet well, added his name and address, and tied the message in the horse's long, shaggy mane.

Months went by, then a letter reached the old farmer.

It was from an agriculturist in recently conquered Denmark. It said:

"*I found your message on the horse that I bought* with Polish brand-marks on him. *While I had him I treated him as you asked.*

"*Unfortunately, my horses have now been taken for the German Army, and I can no longer give him the loving attention you desired for him.*"

Just a story of a horse, but what a lot more it tells.

Nazis must have stolen many millions of pounds' worth of stock and goods from Czechoslovakia to sell in Poland, then a country with a good currency.

Then the conquest of Poland.

She took it all back, more besides, to sell to Denmark, another country with a good currency.

"My horses have now been taken by the German Army," wrote the Danish farmer.

The old horse and all the other booty of the Nazis' thrice-repeated robbery had probably gone to Holland, so that it could all be stolen again.

Populations of all German-occupied countries have to accept a type of credit note as a special currency for all small retail purchases.

All of small denomination, these have to be *bought* at exchange rates arranged by Nazi overlords.

Rates are so adjusted that the Nazi bosses steal a goodly proportion from every worker's wage packet—and substantially lower the purchasing value of whatever is left in the envelope.

Clever, these Nazis—but only in the manner of bankrupts of the shadiest type who live on the fat of the land by cheating others.

Only One Thing O

With all his conquests, Hitler has only diminished his resources. He has encircled Germany with wrecked, starving and embittered nations. He has made a waste of Europe and will perish in the midst of his own destruction. That is the position of Germany confronted with a war of endurance.

By A. G. GARDINER

IN the light of the terrific martrydom of France, let us face the brute facts. The barbarians are at our gates. Civilisation is blotted out over the face of Europe to the North Sea and the Straits of Dover.

All that stands between us and the crash of the avalanche upon this island is the heroic French Army and such resources as we can bring to its aid in the air, on land and by sea.

The insufficiency of that aid is tragically apparent.

The immensity of the Belgian disaster is now seen in all its stark reality.

The army which, supporting the French to-day, would have brought the onrush of the Huns to a standstill, is out of action.

It has been saved by a miracle of valour and skill, but it has to be re-formed, reconditioned and re-armed before it can be effectively brought into the battle-line again.

And meanwhile every week, every day, every hour is vital.

Hitler's strategy is clear. As always, he is pursuing the limited objective.

One thing at a time, and all his power concentrated on that one thing.

His single aim now is to knock-out France before we can recover from the Belgian disaster and bring all our available strength to the support of our ally.

IT IS TO REINFORCE HIS HAMMER-BLOW AT FRANCE THAT HE HAS BROUGHT HIS JACKAL, MUSSOLINI, INTO THE OPEN NOW.

BY THIS MOVE HE HOPES TO DO TWO THINGS.

HE HOPES TO WEAKEN THE FRENCH RESISTANCE IN THE NORTH BY THE THREAT FROM THE SOUTH AND TO PREVENT US FROM THROWING ALL OUR RESOURCES INTO THE BATTLE ON THE MAIN FRONT BY COMPELLING US TO SPEND OUR ENERGIES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

If by this strategy he succeeds in eliminating France, he will be free for his final stroke for the conquest of Europe.

He will collect all his remaining powers by sea, land and air for the accomplishment of the goal which is the most cherished of his ambitions—that is, the invasion of this country and the destruction of the British Empire.

By comparison with this goal, all his achievements are a mere prelude.

The overthrow of Britain and the British Empire has been the dream of Germany for half a century.

It is intensified in the case of Hitler by the insane hate and blood lust of the homicidal maniac.

It would be difficult to conceive any horrors he could inflict on us that he has not inflicted on all the victims of his terror from Poland to France, but if there are such horrors we should certainly not escape them.

This is the fate that Hitler has in store for us.

It is the fate which, in these June days that mock us with their beauty, is making the fair land of France a shambles and a desolation, its cities in ruins, millions of its people fleeing before the scourge, its harvests destroyed, its fields drenched with the blood of its sons.

THE CIVILISED WORLD LOOKS ON APPALLED BY THE HORROR.

IT LOOKS ON WITH WONDER AND ADMIRATION, TOO, AT THE SPECTACLE OF A HEROISM AS SUBLIME AS ANYTHING IN HISTORY.

But it is not enough for us to wonder and admire.

It is not the fate of France alone that is being decided in the shattered cities and blood-stained fields of France.

It is our fate, too. And it is the fate of humanity in all the world.

If we are to save ourselves from the dreadful experience that has befallen our ally, we must help to save France herself.

We must not count the cost. We must face any sacrifice of blood or treasure. We must dare any risk.

For no life worth living would be left on earth for any of us if the powers of hell let loose by Hitler and his barbarians should prevail.

THEY WILL NOT PREVAIL. AND FOR THIS REASON.

THE *BLITZKRIEG* WILL NOT DECIDE

LORD BEAVERBROOK,

generous-minded but impishly inquisitive newspaper proprietor, now Minister of Aircraft Production, is introduced by his old friend

HANNEN SWAFFER

"The Beaver" Builds a Dam to Stem Nazi Torrent

MANY were surprised when, in forming a new Government, Winston Churchill included Max Aitken, 1st Baron Beaverbrook. He was not.

Indeed, he was waiting for the call, when it came.

But he was surprised when Winston said he wanted him to be Minister for Air.

"You can't do that, Winston," said the "Beaver." "You will be attacked for making the appointment. Besides, I am not sure that I could do the job."

Then Beaverbrook suggested that the production side of the Air Ministry had little or nothing to do with the administration side.

"Let's cut the job in halves," was the idea born of the talk.

Sir Archibald Sinclair became Minister for Air and Beaverbrook Minister for Aircraft Production. Yet not even this happened until Whitehall's experts had argued. Naturally, they differed. So Winston had to make the decision.

Within an hour or two Stornoway House, the large barely-furnished mansion in which Beaverbrook lives on the border of Green Park, just west of St. James's Palace, was invaded by Brass Hats and aeroplane manufacturers.

Stornoway House used to be the scene of dinner parties, at which Arnold Bennett, Beaverbrook's close friend, was invariably present. Some stage people, H. G. Wells, Willie Brown the Civil Servant leader, people of every kind, and every profession, with a visiting film star, would meet politicians. . . .

"Beaver" had a mixed bag—being given to inviting a lot of people and then listening to their talk. His friendships were strange and numerous.

They even tell how he telephoned Lloyd George, who lives some miles away, to come to his Surrey residence one night.

Then he introduced him into a room where Salvationists were singing hymns. And L.G. had to join in.

During the General Strike, Beaverbrook is said to have sent for Philip Snowden to find out what it was all about, asked him to sing "The Red Flag," and, when he had an idea of the words, joined in with one of his editors playing the accompaniment on the piano!

The "Beaver" is, indeed, a strange animal—generous-minded, but impishly inquisitive, incisive in one mood and seemingly innocent in another, a great friend and a forgiving enemy.

I have often attacked him as a politician, but never in twenty years had a cross word with him. He is almost the most loyal-hearted man in the country.

Winston sent for him, because the two knew each other well. But the Conservative Party generally hated Beaverbrook.

Mind you, it is easy to dislike him if you don't know him, and he was too critical of the Tories, although he tries to be one.

He often attacked their Machine. His Empire Crusade, his insistence on food-growing, his hatred of international conferences—all sorts of things had made him a real Isolationist at times.

Winston, another individualist Tory, always remained his friend, and Winston knew of Beaverbrook's great interest in flying.

"Beaver" had his own aircraft at his own Surrey aerodrome, and, most nights, flown by a Swiss ace, he would go on long flights, sometimes taking the controls himself.

His parties changed. Instead of being politico-literary-theatrical, they became smaller meetings, attended by famous flying men—airmen, designers and even manufacturers.

At one time "Beaver" was spending nearly £30,000 a year on flying, buying and selling his own aircraft like other rich men buy and sell their motor-cars.

Winston knew all this. Neville had never heard of it.

Then Winston had for long been fascinated by "Beaver's" extraordinary character.

Counts

THE DESTINY OF THE WORLD. IT WILL NOT DECIDE IT EVEN IF FRANCE SHOULD BE BEATEN TO HER KNEES.

I AM SURE SHE WILL NOT BE. FRANCE IS ALWAYS GREATEST IN THE HOUR OF ADVERSITY.

That spirit was never more inspired than it is now, and every day that France keeps the enemy at bay assures her of ultimate victory.

But, assuming the worst, assuming that France could be driven out of the field within the next month or two, the *blitzkrieg* would still have failed.

Hitler would still be faced with the war of exhaustion in which he will be beaten.

Let us look the worst in the face. By the time Hitler could turn to the invasion and conquest of Britain—an enterprise he cannot enter on seriously until he has made France a Poland—much would have happened to change the balance of strength.

I do not underrate the perils of invasion, but neither do I overrate them.

That German forces may land here by sea or air or both is possible and even probable.

THAT THEY CAN CONQUER THIS COUNTRY BY SUCH LANDINGS IS NEITHER PROBABLE NOR POSSIBLE. WHAT IS CERTAIN IS THAT THE INVADERS WOULD NEVER ESCAPE.

Turn to the major factors which will govern a prolonged war. The blockade, now at last water-tight by the closing of the Italian funnel into Germany, is daily impoverishing the resources of the enemy

There is indisputable evidence that the German war machine has eaten seriously into the reserves piled up for a lightning war, and wholly inadequate for a long war.

This is especially the case in the matter of oil, the consumption of which in the *blitzkrieg* is on the scale of 16,000,000 tons against a visible supply of roughly 7,000,000.

The iron shortage is so severe that vessels lying at the bottom of the sea for many years are being salvaged for iron scrap.

A year ago the King met President Roosevelt and received still further assurances of the friendship of the United States. And that great friendship has not been found wanting

The food situation is evidenced by the decision to slaughter all dogs in the Reich.

The fear of another winter of war is so universal that Hitler dare not admit its possibility.

That is the position of Germany confronted with a war of endurance. What is our own position?

While Germany has been bled white for half a dozen years in order to build up the vast military machine that was to win the lightning war, we are only now beginning to realise our immense potentialities.

With abundance of money, of which Germany is bankrupt, and with the command of the sea, we have the resources of the whole world at our call.

Our production of munitions, tanks, aeroplanes, guns, has doubled, trebled within a month or two, and is capable of almost illimitable increase.

FOR WE HAVE NOT ONLY THE CAPACITY OF OUR OWN GREAT INDUSTRY, BUT THE RESOURCES OF CANADA, OF AUSTRALIA, OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES, AND, ABOVE ALL, OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AT OUR COMMAND.

ALL THE DOMINIONS STAND BEHIND US IN EMBATTLED STRENGTH, READY TO FIGHT FOR US TO THE LAST DROP OF THEIR BLOOD AND THE LAST COIN.

Even South Africa, which Hitler had marked for his own, has sent its bombers to bomb the Italians in Abyssinia.

The best pilots in the world are coming with incomparable training from Australasia and Canada.

India, sickened and disgusted by Nazi ferocity, is rallying to our side.

The Arab world is with us.

The South American republics, alarmed by the disclosure of the Nazi plots, are praying for an Allied victory that will save their own freedom from destruction.

OUR SEA POWER IS MORE SUPREME THAN IT WAS WHEN THE WAR BEGAN, AND THE ONLY MERCHANT SHIPS THAT SAIL THE SEAS OF THE WORLD ARE OUR OWN AND THOSE OF OUR ALLIES.

While Germany is starved of cash and trade, we are financing the war as we go out of our trade, our savings, and our free submission to vast taxation.

While Germany is relying on the servitude of slaves, our impulse comes from the flaming spirit of a free people.

And in the background of our calculations is the immense potentiality of the great democracy of the West, which, "in God's good time," as Mr. Churchill said, will see that in this mighty struggle it has a duty to perform and a gospel to vindicate.

Let us stand fast, therefore, in confident certainty of victory.

It will assuredly come, and when the *blitzkrieg* has failed it will come quickly.

So heavy was the whip with which Beaverbrook drove aeroplane manufacturers that, from May 17, the day of his appointment, until June 7, the Hurricanes being made had doubled in number!

This was only possible because, under Winston's control, the profit system had been eliminated. At Labour's insistence, the country had been nationalised.

"Beaver" used to suffer badly from asthma. When Winston sent for him, he forgot it.

Now, directly after breakfast, he leaves Stornoway House for the new Ministry's office in the Imperial Chemicals building on Millbank.

There, he works in a large room with light-panelled walls, a bookcase with no books in it, a small desk, half a dozen chairs, an oval mahogany dining-table on which there are several scale models of aeroplanes suspended on pedestal rods—and the inevitable dictaphone.

Full of vigour, the "Beaver's" voice, and laugh, echo from room to room, just as they used to do at Stornoway House and at Cherkley, his Surrey mansion, now closed.

I have seen him only once since he started his new job. I called at Stornoway House at eleven o'clock at night

There are no Bohemians there, and no authors. Only Colonel Moore-Brabazon, M.P., first Britisher to obtain a pilot's licence, and head man of the Hurricane Works.

Just before midnight the telephone rang.

"I've got to go to Downing Street," said "Beaver."

So off he went to see Winston.

All day long now his life is like that. Men who know all about flying in all its forms surround him. He is a transformed being.

Well, on a few men like Lord Beaverbrook our brave troops, our glorious sailors, and our incomparable airmen now depend.

Inspired by them, directed by them, the workers slave ceaselessly. But the Tragedy is that it should all not have started last September.

Argue It Out **By Pallas**

THE FORTUNES OF WAR

SOME time ago I met a friend who at the outbreak of war had left his comfortable villa and gone with his family to the west of England.

In my mind I had pictured him lazing on a sunlit beach, slacking at a time when the nation was engaged in history's bitterest struggle. I condemned him as a "no good," a man even beyond contempt.

To my surprise, the man I met showed no sign of the sun or beach. His face was pale and drawn. There were hollows under his eyes.

I remembered him as a master builder in a prosperous business. He had a lovely home, a swimming pool in his garden, a fair-sized orchard. He reckoned that house cost him £10 a week to run.

When I commented on his washed-out appearance he told me, without bitterness, that he was working nearly 80 hours a week. He had a job as foreman supervising the building of hangars at various aerodromes. He was paid £5 a week; and he had to travel at least 20 miles a day to and from his work.

He didn't grumble. The fortunes of war had affected him worse than many others. But, as he said, he wasn't starving and his conscience was at rest.

And, after all, his bit was nothing compared to the sacrifices of others. On the other hand, it was considerable compared to the selfish ease which even to-day some men are refusing to give up.

ONE such man, posing as one of those "badly hit by the war"—he lost his job when his firm cut down staff—spends hours every day and night in local pubs.

I had sympathised with him on occasions until I learned that he was drawing poor relief and was receiving help from various relatives.

All our lives are in a state of flux. None of us knows what the morrow will bring. Few of us, happily, can visualise the tremendous upheavals which may upset, perhaps irrevocably, the tenor of our days.

Around us the lives of our friends, our acquaintances our neighbours are changing. Some caught up by the flowing tide of war are almost engulfed by the torrent, struggling to avoid financial and moral disaster.

Others find in the floodtide of war the tide of fortune. Some men are making more money than they have ever done before. They are mostly men running small businesses who have turned their plant to war-time production

It is right that they should be engaged on such work. And it is right that they should be recompensed for their work.

They are the lucky ones—if any man to-day can be described as lucky when the shadow of war darkens every home.

How trivial this all seems when the greater consequences of the struggle are reviewed. Yet man even in these times when the national existence is menaced must, and does, worry about his immediate problems.

His family must eat, his bills must be paid, his children must be clothed. He has the problem of evacuation, the problem of transport, the worry of the blackout.

All trivial, these things, yet they can cast clouds of uncertainty and anxiety over family life.

DON'T let those clouds darken your life. The fortunes of war have ever been hazardous. They have cast men down, raised others to eminence.

The fortunes of this war will know no distinction. All of us must suffer, must offer sacrifice on the altar of Liberty.

The minor worries, the little problems, the domestic anxieties are only a small part of the greater background of real worry.

The time for personal thinking, for selfish standards, is no more. We must adapt ourselves to a national thought, to a national selflessness, just as we have adapted ourselves, willingly, to the national effort.

The fortunes of war are—defeat or victory. Every other phase of this struggle is an insignificant sideline. Every other consideration must give way to the crying needs of mankind.

Frontiers are ended. The battle is for every man who would be free. And the vastness of the conflict, the magnitude of the stakes, should convince us all that personal records should, "for the duration," be off the record.

We must fight the good fight and continue to fight it without thought for ourselves or the personal fortunes of war.

How does she Keep So HEALTHY and Fit

SHE'S as pretty as a picture, all agree. She simply can't help attracting attention with her clear skin, perfect figure and sparkling health. She keeps right up to the mark—just as you can—by taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans stimulate and tone up the system, purify the blood and strengthen the nerves—thus improving your vitality and resistance and making you feel better in every way.

So keep happy, healthy and gloriously fit by taking Bile Beans at bedtime.

"I am delighted with Bile Beans for they keep me so wonderfully fit and well. Sometimes friends envy my sparkling health and vitality and I tell them the secret—just Bile Beans at bedtime." —Miss D. O., Beckenham.

"At the beginning of the year I made a vow to take Bile Beans each night. I never made a better resolution. I now have a slim figure, clear skin and radiant health."— Mrs. J. M., Lincoln.

BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS

Improve Your Health, Figure & Vitality

"But I tell you—it's true . . . you needn't boil clothes now!"

YOU (the woman reading this): "What rubbish! Everybody knows the whites must be boiled to get them clean."

SHE (the woman in the picture): *"That's what I thought until I proved it. Now I soak my whites clean in warm Rinso suds."*

YOU: "Clean, did you say? Without boiling? I'll bet they're not clean unless you rub them till your back breaks."

SHE: *"Do I look as if I'd worn myself out rubbing clothes?"*

YOU: "I didn't say that."

SHE: *"Well, you can come and look at my clothesline any time you like!"*

YOU: "All right. But . . ."

SHE: *"But—no boiling! No hard rubbing! Just 15 minutes' soaking in warm Rinso suds for the ordinarily dirty whites and then a 20-minute soak in the same suds for the extra-dirty ones."*

YOU: "It's too good to be true."

SHE: *"Well, don't take my word for it. Try it yourself. Wouldn't you like to save one and a half hours' work every washday?"*

YOU: "Yes, I should."

SHE: *"And over an hour's fuel?"*

YOU: "Wouldn't I just!"

SHE: *"And wouldn't you like to be rid of all that washday steam and smell, and still have a clothesline that would be the envy of the neighbourhood? And make your clothes last a third longer?"*

YOU: "Need you ask?"

SHE: *"Then take my tip and use Rinso next washday. You'll thank the day you met me in this newspaper!"*

YOUR whole wash is safe in Rinso. It contains no bleach, no harsh chemical, nothing to fade colours. Just give your coloureds a 12-minute soak in hand-hot Rinso suds—they'll come up fresh and lovely. Give woollens and fine things a quick wash-through in lukewarm Rinso suds. It's wonderful for washing-up, too—soaks dishes clean in 3 minutes. Get a packet of Rinso next time you're shopping—3½d., 6d., or 1/- (Giant size).

RINSO *SOAKS* CLOTHES CLEAN

R2938-172-55 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

THE SMOKER'S REPLY TO THE BUDGET

BE PREPARED

The outbreak of typhoid fever in Holland immediately after the German invasion is a reminder that disease follows in the track of war and the extensive movements of population.

In view of the possible interruption of public health and sanitary services, and the disagreeable and dangerous consequences arising therefrom, it is necessary in the interests of public health, as well as for the protection of your own household, that you should have available an adequate supply of a reliable disinfectant. Prompt measures in such a situation are essential, as germs multiply with amazing rapidity.

Jeyes' Fluid will protect you.

For nearly sixty years "Jeyes" has been a household word for the best household disinfectant—the best because it is the most powerful germicide that can be used with equal success for general disinfection and for cleansing wounds.

It has the outstanding advantage that it is safe in the home and safe in use because it is non-corrosive.

It is also economical because of its concentrated strength, being nine times stronger than pure carbolic acid, and a teaspoonful in a pint of water is deadly to germs which would not be killed by many other products when used at their full strength.

A supply of Jeyes' Fluid should be an essential part of your A.R.P. arrangements.

Do not delay.

SO EASY TO AVOID INDIGESTION

Fully 90 per cent. of stomach sufferers need never endure another twinge of indigestion if they kept the acidity of their stomach within bounds. Doctors agree that the quickest, safest way to alkalize an acid stomach is to take 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals. Thousands of former sufferers have discovered this unfailing way of avoiding indigestion, wind, nausea, sour repeating, and worse gastric troubles. Foods that once tortured them they can now enjoy and digest to their heart's content. If you are subject to indigestion get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take it after your next meal. It makes food agree and eases digestion amazingly. You'll be delighted. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia.' 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

QUICK-CUTTING GARDEN SCYTHE

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts WET or DRY grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Cuts where mower cannot be used—sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, etc. Fitted keen razor-edge tempered steel 9-in. blade in non-rust holder, this improved Scythe can even be used by ladies without fatigue. Complete with long handle and sheath to protect blade. FREE SHARPENER and easy directions. Send NOW 2/9 P.O., Cheque or Bankers Stamps to:

Wm. PENN, Ltd. (Dept. A.E.), 823, Holloway Rd., London, N.19

It's a Wise Plot...

WILL SCOTT charts the life story of a plot in this short burlesque

When the day came there were two strangers at the corner table—a girl of nineteen, a young man in uniform

WHEN it was a brand-new story, making its first appearance on spotless sheets fresh from the press, it was called "Four for Lunch." It had a red star printed next to its title, to show you that if you thought some other story in the magazine was better you were wrong. It came first after the displayed advertisements.

The editor had even given it a special heading. "The Story of the Month," he called it.

Miss Griddle, who never had anything to do at week-ends, bought a copy of the magazine at the station bookstall and took it home and read "Four for Lunch" in the garden after lunch. She thought it was "very nice."

It started in the last war and finished in this.

Two Tommies, back from France in December, 1918, lunched together at Dann's and swore that they would do this on the anniversary, come what might, through all the years that remained to them.

For more than twenty years they kept their word, growing plumper, growing older, meeting on only this one day in the year. They lived far apart, and each far from London, but nothing ever kept them from Dann's on the anniversary.

They did not, in the meantime, write to each other. They moved, and moved again, and, if they had each other's addresses, lost them.

But every year, on that day in December, they could be found in their corner at Dann's, behind the screen, under the dim window that seemed to be there to keep the light out.

The second war came, and, in December, their twenty-first anniversary. It was to have been a very special affair, grander than anything that had gone before.

But when the day came there were two strangers at the corner table—a girl of nineteen, a young man in uniform.

Something went wrong.

There was a misunderstanding about an order. There was trouble over pepper, of all things, and catastrophe with a plate of salt. He felt he was a clumsy lout, she felt she was a fool. So each tried to blame the other, and they quarrelled, or as nearly as they could in a public place.

But when the restaurant emptied they remained, still side by side.

And when at last they realised that they would simply have to explain why, they found out that he was there to tell his father's friend that the twenty-first anniversary celebration could not take place because his father was back in the Army and already abroad.

She was there to break to her father's friend the news that her father was dead and the anniversary would never be celebrated again.

So they first met.

In the spring they were married, and they swore that on the anniversary of their first meeting they would always lunch together at Dann's, as their parents had done before them.

*

"VERY nice," thought Miss Griddle. And when she had read the other stories and the advertisements she threw the magazine in a corner.

Mrs. Griddle, her mother, found it the following Wednesday behind a pile of knitting, and she liked "Four for Lunch" so much that she passed it over the garden wall for the woman next door to read.

The woman next door thought it was a very nice story indeed, and she even went so far as to tell her husband he would like it, which suggests that after twenty years of married life she had still a good lot to learn about her husband, who was a commercial traveller.

He read just half of the story and left the magazine in a train at Uxbridge.

It was found by Mrs. Coop, who took it home.

It reached the lodgings of Mrs. Coop's daughter's young man, and eventually the desk of Mrs. Coop's daughter's young man in his office in the City.

Mrs. Coop thought "Four for Lunch" was a lovely story. Her daughter thought it was not so bad.

Her daughter's young man said it wasn't in his line, although he liked some of the other yarns.

The office boy, to whom he passed the magazine, thought it was a lot of tripe. He left it on a table at the back entrance, and the night watchman, who never read anything, threw it in the dustbin.

And that was that.

*

ONE day Mrs. Coop's daughter's young man went to get his hair cut, and barbers must talk. This one talked for a quarter of an hour without stopping.

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Coop's daughter's young man, "of something I read in a magazine the other week. 'Dinner for Four' or something it was called. Just such a case as you've mentioned."

And he told the story of "Four for Lunch," as far as he could remember it; not because he wanted to do so, but because he wanted to put a stop to the barber.

But the barber, being a barber, only half listened, waiting for his chance to get in again. Mrs. Coop's daughter's young man, however, knew his barber, and kept on until it was time for him to go.

And *that* was *that*.

A week or two later Mr. Scone came into the barber's shop for a shave, and one thing led to another.

Mr. Scone's line was the war, in all its phases, and the barber held himself in, smouldering, until the chance offered.

Then he took it.

"That reminds me," said the barber, "of something I read the other day. In a magazine. Or somewhere. Or somebody told me. Or something. 'Four for Dinner' it was called. Or something like that."

And into the outclassed ear of Mr. Scone he poured the story. Unfortunately, since he had only half-listened to Mrs. Coop's daughter's young man, it wasn't the story as it had left its native pen.

Still, Mr. Scone took it in. He took it away with him. He took it to Salisbury on the Saturday, when he went to stay with his married sister. To her he told it.

She only half-listened. But within a fortnight it had got as far as Yeovil.

*

MILES beyond Yeovil, his pint untasted, his head in his hands, Mr. Booster sat in "The Sitting Pig."

"It doesn't come. Nothing comes. All is blank," he moaned, suddenly thumping his forehead. "Blank! Blank! Blank as hell! Nothing there! And the last post goes in ten hours."

The landlady, who had seen a lot of this, was sympathetic.

"I don't know how you do it," she said. "I'm sure I couldn't. If I had to, I'd starve."

The door of "The Sitting Pig" opened and Popular Robinson came in. Popular Robinson slept in hedges and worked about once a year, just to see what it felt like.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Booster.

He leapt to his feet in a way that nearly scared Popular Robinson out of his fat skin.

"Give this man a pint!"

"Potty!" thought Popular Robinson, but didn't say so. He took the pint.

"Now," said Mr. Booster, "tell me the story of your life."

"Me?" said Popular Robinson, "Blimey! You could get it all on a penny stamp. It ain't worth telling. It's nothing."

And once more Mr. Booster sank back into gloom, his head in his hands.

"I *'eard* a good story the other day," said Popular Robinson. "Old girl this side of Yeovil I chopped some wood for."

He settled down and let go.

"Somethin' about two blokes who was in the last war together and when it was over they 'ad a dinner together and said they'd do the same thing in the next war, which is *this* war. And in the same place too. Which they did. Only, after twenty years they didn't know each other and they sat there side by side waiting for each other to turn up. And they waited so long it got on their nerves and they had a row. Which just shows."

Mr. Booster sat up with a hiss.

"That," he said, "is a damn poor story."

"Oh, well," said Popular Robinson, "maybe I got it wrong. I only half-listened."

"Ah!" shouted Mr. Booster.

"Pardon?" said Popular Robinson, looking alarmed.

"Yes," cried Mr. Booster. "That's it! That's got it!"

"Got wot?" asked Popular Robinson.

"A story starts out just as it ought to be, a hundred per cent. right," orated Mr. Booster, marching about. 'Somebody hears it, but only half listens. He passes it on to somebody else, who only half listens. But what he passes on isn't what he heard because he only half-listened. And what the second fellow passes on isn't what *he* heard because *he* only half-listened. Don't you see?"

"No," said Popular Robinson.

"And so it goes on," said Mr. Booster. "From place to place, from town to town. Until in the end it's a different story altogether. Different plot, different setting, different characters! It's a gift!"

*

HE snatched the empty glass from the bewildered Robinson and pushed it along the counter.

"Fill it up!" he ordered.

He rubbed his hands and laughed.

"Ten hours to the post," he said. "Easy! Easiest thing on earth!"

And he gave Popular Robinson five shillings.

"Wot's this?" said Popular Robinson.

"Sorry," said Mr. Booster.

And made it ten shillings. And ran out of "The Sitting Pig."

"Writing gentleman," the landlady explained to Popular Robinson. "They're always a bit queer."

*

The next issue of the magazine had a special announcement:

NEXT MONTH:
"THE HALF-LISTENERS."
Another Brilliant Short Story.
By
SEYMOUR BOOSTER,
Author of "Four for Lunch."

Convincing evidence

The fact that smokers buy more 'Digger' than any other Tobacco seems the most convincing evidence of its qualities which can be offered. If you enjoy a full-bodied tobacco — why not join this army of satisfied smokers?

1/2 PER OZ.

PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

PLAYER'S TOBACCOS & CIGARETTES for B.E.F. AT DUTY FREE PRICES
Ask your Tobacconist for full particulars

P.D.51

How I Treat Indigestion

By Dr. F. B. Scott, Paris

Indigestion affects different patients in different ways. For one it means the violent griping pains of wind; for another, a sensation of 'burning', while for many people it means an uncomfortable 'fulness' and drowsiness after meals.

But whatever the symptom, the *cause* is nearly always the same—*excess acidity*. What is wanted is a good 'anti-acid' preparation to neutralise this acidity. For this purpose my own prescription is 'Bisurated' Magnesia. I have found that 'Bisurated' Magnesia counteracts acidity immediately it reaches the stomach. And with the excess acid neutralised, normal, pain-free digestion is rapidly restored. From experience in my own practice, I strongly recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia for stomach disorders.

NOTE 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to above by Dr. Scott, is available at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

WHY SUFFER FROM HAY FEVER?

Don't suffer from Hay Fever this summer. Get YADIL, the famous antiseptic which can be taken like ordinary medicine. Will banish the germs from your system and keep you free from infection. Remember, at the first sneeze use YADIL and be safe.

YADIL Safe Internal Antiseptic

Write now for free copy of the new YADIL HEALTH BOOK

1/3 and larger, from Chemists, or direct from YADIL (1935) LTD., Dept. J.B., Springfield, London, E.5

WHAT MAKES SOME PEOPLE STAND UP TO THE STRAIN SO MUCH BETTER THAN OTHERS?

Scientists say it all depends on which Sleep Group you belong to

There are 3 Sleep Groups

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

IT'S a curious fact that some people suffer much more than others from war strain. Even though they sleep 8 or 9 hours every night, they feel depressed, "nervy" and tired.

Scientists explain it by pointing out that a great many people belong to the wrong sleep group. There are 3 Sleep Groups altogether.

1st SLEEP GROUP. The people in this Group stand war strain well. Even with only 5 or 6 hours in bed they are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness.

2nd SLEEP GROUP. Second Group people seem to sleep well enough, yet can't stand up to war worry and anxiety. They tire easily, feel "nervy," can't keep their mind on things.

3rd SLEEP GROUP. The people in this Group are least able to stand war strain. They sleep badly — can't get to sleep, lie awake or wake tired.

The trouble with people in the 2nd and 3rd Sleep Groups is that their brain and nerves are kept active at night by the body's excess acid waste products, which accumulate in the blood.

Scientists, experimenting with various foods and drinks, discovered that Horlicks alone completely neutralized those excess acid waste products. Taken at bedtime, Horlicks gives body, nerves and brain complete repose, and ensures 1st Group Sleep every night.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. See how much more energetic and hopeful you will feel. The longer the war lasts, the more urgently you need the restful, restorative 1st Group Sleep that Horlicks bestows.

* * *

Prices from 2/- at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS

at bedtime gives you 1st GROUP SLEEP

With War'fare' rations, H. or C. O.K. saves monotony.

SAYS Master O'Kay

MASON'S O.K SAUCE

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel — and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

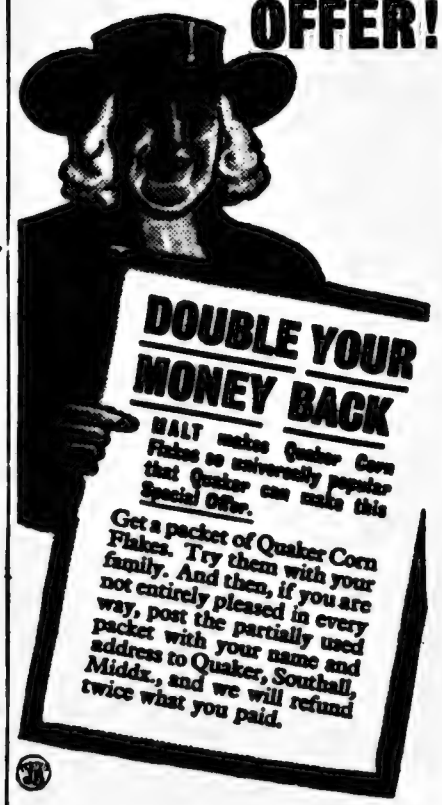
Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

HOW MAGNESIA WHITENS TEETH

Everyone who tries the new toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is amazed to see how completely it removes ugly stains, and leaves the teeth amazingly white. A most astonishing discovery! Why is 'Milk of Magnesia' such an effective whitener? The reason is that it instantly neutralizes the harmful mouth acids which encourage the formation of dingy yellow deposits and tartar on the teeth. Moreover, it destroys the cause of decay germs which swarm in the acid mouth. The toothpaste that gives you this marvellous tooth-whitening service is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, and it alone contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' Get a tube to-day and try it. Results will show you why over twelve thousand dentists are recommending patients to use Phillips' Dental Magnesia every day. Sold everywhere at 6d., 10½d., 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

You'll like them best of all— they're Malted

—so Quaker make this wonderful SPECIAL OFFER!


DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK
MALT makes Quaker Corn Flakes so universally popular that Quaker can make this Special Offer.
Get a packet of Quaker Corn Flakes. Try them with your family. And then, if you are not entirely pleased in every way, post the partially used packet with your name and address to Quaker, Southall, Middx., and we will refund twice what you paid.

WHAT a treat in store for you if you've not yet tried Quaker Flakes! For these are flakes with a difference—they're *malted*! All the goodness of ripe, golden corn, *plus* malt. The Quaker secret malt recipe certainly makes these flakes the most appetising, nourishing, ready-to-eat cereal that you could wish for!

Quickest to serve, too—just lift the patent flap and pour. Close flap and flakes will keep fresh, crisp and delightfully malty.

P.998

FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN

TO one young wife, war has at least one redeeming feature. It has made her soldier husband write to her. "And I can't tell you how much his letters mean to me," she says.

"I hated it when my husband had to leave home to join the Army, and no one will be more thankful than I am when it is all over," she adds. "Yet I shall miss his letters. They are real love letters.

"You see, my husband and I lived in the same neighbourhood in our single days, and we saw each other virtually every day. There was no need to write.

"Since we were married five years ago we have always been together, even on holiday. I never had a letter from him until he left for military service.

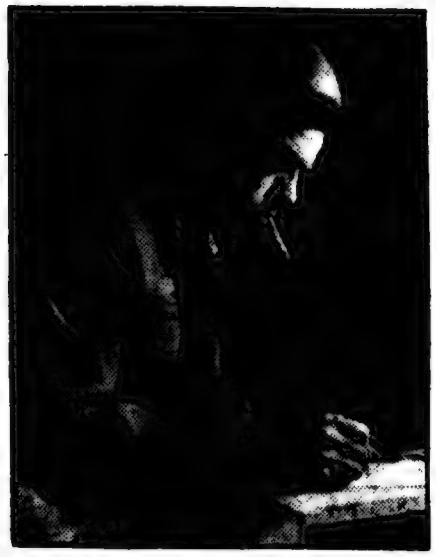
"There are plenty of other women who have had the same experience.

"The husband who is home every night rarely mentions his affection for his wife and children. He may show it by gifts and thoughtful actions, but somehow he is shy about saying the words.

"Women often long for some sort of declaration yet rarely get it. But when a man is separated from his home he has to write.

"And he has the chance of expressing his feelings without being self-conscious. I wonder whether he realises how much a few words of affection mean to the wife who has been left behind?

"He often tries to appear casual and half-joking. He says, 'Give my love to the kids and help yourself,' or 'I'd give more than a bit to be with you, dear.' Yet a woman knows what lies behind it—and is grateful.



Soldiers should reveal all that is in their hearts when they write home. They will feel better for it, and it will make their wives happier

"I wish you would tell the men not to be so afraid of letting themselves go. Why is it that the average Briton is so awkward in his love-making?"

The answer to this question is self-consciousness.

It is so much easier to buy a bunch of flowers or a box of chocolates than to make a declaration of love.

When life is going smoothly the man takes it for granted and hopes his wife does the same.

Only after a first-class row does the necessity to assure his wife of his affection appear, and I have known women who deliberately engineer a "scene" for the sake of the declaration of love that follows.

Some men will not believe this, but it is true.

Thousands of my readers now separated from their wives should do what the writer of the letter advises—let themselves go and say all that is kept bottled inside them.

Natural emotions ought not to be continually suppressed.

It is healthier to let them escape.

Write what is in your heart, and you are a better man for it. Your wife will be a happier woman.

But to a Briton it requires moral courage to do this sort of thing. Yet those few extra words, how much they mean!

Guineas for Readers

***HUMANIST** this week offers advice to those husbands and wives who have been separated by war. Every week he tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page —without your name, of course.*

SEVERAL readers are unduly perturbed about their savings. Although we have been repeatedly assured that our money will not be seized, they fear the recent Act of Parliament which gave the Government such enormous powers over persons and property.

"I have always made a habit of putting money in the Post Office Savings Bank," writes a reader. "The amount is small, but it enables me to meet liabilities.

"I also have the satisfaction of knowing that should an unexpected demand be made I have the means to meet it. I have never had a large balance, but enough to keep me from worrying.

"If it is true that the State can commandeer men, property and money, I am wondering whether it would be wise to keep my savings in a cash-box at home?

"Also, would it not be more sensible if, instead of trying to save, I invest any surplus money in buying clothes and other necessities for the family?

"By doing this, I should be preparing for the rainy day when things will probably be twice their present price."

Another reader, mentioning the same subject, says that her husband has been working overtime.

"And we have managed to save £18 between us," she adds. "He is expecting to be called up any time now.

"Will you tell me if we shall lose this money altogether?

"Will it be taken until the war is over?

"Some of it is in the Post Office Bank, some in Savings Certificates, and a little is co-op. dividend.

"When my husband comes back, we expect to have to face unemployment, possibly for years. We are not unpatriotic, but we were both brought up on the 'dole' and P.A.C. relief. Our little savings mean a great deal to us."

It is obviously everybody's duty to live as economically as possible, and to lend spare money to the Government for buying war materials.

By doing this we help to keep our money "good."

If we all started taking all our cash out of the banks, selling all our Certificates and other investments, our money would lose its value.

We need to keep a certain amount to meet everyday expenses—taxes, rates, rent, premiums, housekeeping bills, and sundries—but the residue is safer invested than hidden in the house.

Patriotism often clashes with self-interest, but here it does not.

Money lent to the Government gradually increases, whereas money kept in a cash-box either remains the same size or decreases through occasional "nibbles" when the owner happens to need a little extra for an emergency.

It is difficult to save unless money is systematically put away where one cannot lay hands on it.

Human nature is weak and temptations are often too powerful to withstand. This applies to other things besides money. The wise keep out of temptation's way.

Voice of the People

Telephone Girl Defeats Defence Scheme; Plea for Soldier Boys; She Married Her Billet—a Second Time; Nazi Prophecy on a Pencil Box

LOSING my way in the by-roads of Leicestershire, I went to a telephone box, asked the exchange: "Would you kindly tell me where I am? I'm lost." The telephone operator duly told me.

The same young woman gave me full directions for getting to Leicester.

As telephones haven't yet been fitted with television, she wouldn't have known whether I had carried a "tommy-gun" and trailed a parachute.—A. Bates, Aylestone Park, Leicester.

Civil defence authorities intending to instruct the public on such matters, should begin with officials. A JOHN BULL reporter, ordering a car outside a country station and giving a destination, was approached by an Army officer, who asked his mission, and then added: "You see, we have to be careful. There's an ammunition dump there."

* * *

AS a veteran of the last war, now represented in the Army by two sons, I agree that the sooner soldiers are trained and sent out to finish this war off the better for everybody—themselves in particular.

But in his first month of Army service my lad has spent most of the time filling sandbags, a job that would be welcomed by unemployed men too old for service or awaiting it.—S. Deakin, Manchester.

Army view is that civilians have to be hardened to make soldiers; that fatigues are, therefore, an essential part of training.

* * *

TWO years ago my schoolboy was given a pencil-box, inscribed "Made in Germany," bearing a picture we didn't notice much at the time.

Finding it in a drawer the other day while home on leave, that painting startled me. Gaudily coloured, it was of a troop-carrying aeroplane dropping grey-trousered soldiers over a peaceful countryside.—Marine Artillery Gunner, "Somewhere in England."

Similar pictures have appeared in children's painting books made in Germany for our market. Tanks and aeroplanes fighting together have been shown on ha'penny sheets of transfers.

* * *

SACCHARIN is as cheap as sugar as a sweetening agent, but there is something more important than price. Is it injurious? I have been told that it is a mild poison.—J. Oliphant, London, W.5.

Wholesale chemist answers: "Absolutely non-poisonous." A doctor: "Doesn't do any harm—or good." Its use has always been freely permitted in manufacture of foods and mineral waters.

* * *

MY sister agreed to billet two soldiers. She was both astonished and embarrassed to find, when they arrived, that one was her divorced husband whom she hadn't seen for three years.

They have already married again.—H. S., St. George's Road, Hotwells, Bristol.

ADOLF AS CUPID—PHEW!

* * *

WHEN I took a friend into a café for tea, the waitress whisked the tablecloth away, because I was in Army uniform.

"It is an order of the manageress," she said. "Soldiers mustn't have cloths on their tables."

We walked out disgusted.—E. B., Royal Army Service Corps, "Somewhere in England."

Civilians should refuse to remain in any place where there is any differentiation against Service men.

* * *

DURING the week following the nation's Day of Prayer, I met an ex-Army officer.

Noticing my clerical collar, he said: "You did us a good turn last Sunday. It was a miracle—*a calm sea and some mist.*"

No need to tell me he was referring to that valiant retreat. I was glad to hear that tribute to the value of prayer. —Rev. William Ashby, Higher Bridge Street Methodist Church, Bolton.

* * *

HITLER hopes to overawe us by dropping youths by parachute, but let's remember that we have the finest fighting forces in the world.

The British Guards, both Germans and Italians have tried to copy them; the stern Highlanders, "ladies from hell"; and the county regiments. Then our fearless Navy and Mercantile Marine, and the Royal Air Force, which can often frighten Nazis out of the skies.

Look up, look around. Notice that we're the same old Britain. And don't worry.—G. A. McInnes, Balgair Street, Glasgow.

* * *

URGED by appeals to all citizens to ferret out scrap metal, I collected two stone of copper.

I tried every scrap dealer I could think of, but each said: "I don't take anything under half a hundredweight."

I couldn't dispose of it.

The war will be over long before I can collect another two stone of copper, and so make myself worth while to the scrap trade.—H. Langford, Oakes Green, Sheffield, 9.

When Mr. Herbert Morrison's salvage corps starts work, scrap dealers will have to put the national interests first, or they will be put out of business by the inauguration of a local dump system of collecting.

* * *

I HAVE received my extra sugar for home fruit preserving, and even though it is one-third of my requirements, I am grateful.

Stringent economy of sugar in other ways, and I shall be able to preserve all my fruit. Yet while shopping to-day I passed seven confectionery shops all showing a huge selection of cakes top-heavy with icing sugar.

Young couples marrying deserve such cakes for their wedding tables—but surely not everybody else!—Mrs. Edith Viner, Uoper Road, Kennington, Oxford.

Sugar allotted to trade for cake-making is strictly rationed, but survey of London bakers suggests far too much is being used on iced cakes.

CASH PRIZES

★ *This is YOUR corner—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Put a pound on the value of your cycle for 1/-

The value of well-kept secondhand cycles has gone up by leaps and bounds, and will rise still further as the cost of new cycles advances.
A shabby cycle never fetches much, but you can put a £1 on its value if you paint it with ROBBIALAC SYNTHETIC FINISH.
Remember, a 1/- tin will do the job and do it well, for this wonderful paint is so easy to apply, dries in four hours and produces a finish that is durable, washable and as smooth and brilliant as plate glass.

do it now with

ROBBIALAC

SYNTHETIC FINISH

Obtainable from all the shops of Currys Ltd., The Halford Cycle Co. Ltd., and all the leading Cycle Accessory Dealers, Garages and Paint Shops

Why despair about the cost of tobacco when you can still buy an ounce of Afrikander for one-and-two? Try some! You'll find that no other tobacco, whatever its price, has given you more satisfaction, more all-round pipe-pleasure. It's grand tobacco—and it's only 1/2 an oz.

1/2 an oz. MIXTURE, FLAKE, NAVY MILD, SHAG, HONEY DEW

AFRIKANDER

IN FRANCE, FRS. 3 PER OZ. TIN AT ALL NAAFI CANTEENS.

Look up and Smile —the Odol Smile

Keep your chin up and smile the winning smile—the Odol Smile! There's more than confidence and courage behind an Odol Smile—there's the security of sound teeth, protected from the danger of damaged enamel by fine, smooth, non-scratch Odol—and when you smile, you know that you reveal the beauty of pearly teeth.

So use Odol, the finest, smoothest tooth-paste made.

"Thanks for the ODOL Solid Dentifrice. It lasts a long time and is most convenient to carry when you're on the move."
—Letter from the Front.

Odol

Tooth-paste 6d. and 1/-, Solid Dentifrice 6d.

RHEUMATISM

Now "Public Enemy No. 1"

A distinguished doctor recently stated publicly that the ravages of Rheumatism now outweigh the combined effects of tuberculosis and cancer! The disease, he said, might rightly be termed Public Enemy No. 1.
His words astonished most people—but not the thousands of sufferers, pain-ridden, deformed and disabled by this cruel malady. These pathetic victims are a grim warning of the price paid for neglecting Rheumatism in any form.
A tea-spoonful of Fynnon Salt taken in a tumblerful of water (no need to make tea specially) is surely a very simple "stitch in time." True, it may not be effective in *every* case: no rheumatic remedy is. But Fynnon contains the chief natural minerals found in anti-rheumatic Spa Waters, world-famous for their "cures." Its powerful Spa elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium rinse out the torturing acids and toxins, stimulate liver and kidneys to fuller working order, and get your whole "inside" back to clean, healthy condition. Because of this thorough action, Fynnon Salt is frequently successful even in severe cases. It is a safe, simple and perfectly natural treatment.
New Trial Size, 6d.: large tin, 1/3.

Don't Face the Day with a HEADACHE
Face it with a SMILE

Don't let that "thumping" headache ruin your day. Stop it now for 2d! It sounds incredible—but it's **TRUE**. *Beechams Powders*, the special **QUICK-ACTING** prescription for **HEADACHES, RHEUMATISM, NERVE PAINS, COLDS, CHILLS, HAY FEVER and NERVOUS EXHAUSTION** *cost only 2d each.* Priceless relief at a price **ALL** can afford! Why spend hours in misery. Spend 2d instead and let *Beechams Powders* bring you **RELIEF!**

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Cartons of 6 Powders 1/2. Single Powders 2d each. Sold Everywhere. Not Lucrative. A Beecham Product.

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Larger bottles, 1/6, 2/9, 5/6

County Perfumery Co. Ltd., North Circular Rd., West Twyford, N.W.10.

BLACK BOXER—BUT A WHITE MAN

By A. W. HELLIWELL

"He was a credit to his calling, his race and his country. The negro race have lost a bright and shining standardbearer, the boxing game a real champion, and we of boxing have lost a friend. He was an inspiration, not only to the youth of his race, but to all boys and young men, to live cleanly, speak softly, trust in God, fight hard—and fight fair."

GENE TUNNEY, then heavyweight champion of the world, paid this tribute to Theodore "Tiger" Flowers, when that grave-eyed, simple-minded coloured fighter died after an operation.

Not a single word was over-praise.

And it is an honour to put this coloured boxer, who was a white man in the very best sense of those words, among my "Giants of the Ring."

There never has been a finer fighting character, white or black, than this devout young negro from the South, who always packed a Bible with his boxing-boots and trunks before he set out for a contest.

Because he read a passage from that well-thumbed pocket Testament every day, he became known as the "Georgia Deacon."

But he never prayed for victory.

"The Lord might see fit to send a better fighter against me," he would explain, but always after a contest he would offer thanks from his corner.

There have been few more astonishing sights in the boxing-ring than Theodore Flowers sitting alone in his corner after he had won the world middleweight title from Harry "Powderpuff" Greb.

The vast stadium was vibrating with applause.

Ringside enthusiasts were making frantic efforts to attract the young coloured boy's attention.

Yet, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, his dark curly head bowed between his battered gloves, he was deaf and blind to all that went on around him.

He had reached the top.

Fame and fortune were his for the taking, yet even in that exciting moment the "Georgia Deacon" did not forget his faith.

Without any embarrassment, he offered thanks for his victory.

"Blessed be the Lord, my Strength, Who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight," he whispered.

Then, with a quiet "Amen," he gravely acknowledged the cheers.

So devoutedly religious outside the ring that his friends called him "Deacon," this young man was such a determined fighter in the ring that his opponents knew him only as "The Tiger."

He wore a black silk dressing-gown with a tiger's head worked on the back, a touch of showmanship born in the fertile brain of the famous "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien, who was responsible for piloting Flowers to success.

Without O'Brien behind him, it is doubtful whether young Theodore would ever have become a champion. The fighting ability was there, but he was too modest ever to thrust himself forward.

With O'Brien doing the pushing, and Flowers doing the fighting, you had a combination that nothing could stop.

FLOWERS was no stylist.

What he knew of the orthodox rules of lead and counter could have been written on the back of a postage stamp. He fought "southpaw," and he progressed round the ring in gigantic leaps, while his enormously long and muscular arms swung blows from every point of the compass.

Such tactics would have been suicidal had it not been for his extraordinary judgment.

It was the speed and the trip-hammer force with which he could hit from what seemed an impossible position that made the negro fighter so dangerous.

Labouring in shipbuilding yards until he was twenty-three endowed him with formidable muscles that were the envy even of heavyweights.

Flowers was nearly twenty-five before he began fighting as a professional, and it was not until he had made a name for himself in Mexico rings that he returned to the States.

He never questioned a decision.

After soundly whipping Mike McTigue, he saw the referee point to the Irishman's corner. The arena was in an uproar, but the calmest man there was the young negro, who crossed the ring without hesitation to shake McTigue by the hand.

There never has been a finer fighting character, black or white, than this devout young negro from Dixie, who always packed a Bible with his boxing-gloves, boots and trunks.

When Micky Walker was judged to have taken his title from him in Chicago—a decision with which 99 per cent. of the critics disagreed—Flowers still did not protest.

"The referee says Micky won," he said. "That's good enough for me."

The Tiger's defeat shook the sporting world.

He had beaten Greb, the whirlwind Hebrew champion, with such ease that he was expected to reign for a long time.

Greb, who insisted on powdering his freshly shaven chin and brushing his brilliantined hair until it shone like patent leather before he entered the ring, was among the most ruthless scrappers.

He was expected to win with ease, but the Tiger made Greb look like a cart-horse attempting to catch a racer.

Every time Greb rushed in with his fists flying, Flowers' prodigious leaps carried him out of danger, and then, like lightning, he struck back.

And he hit so fast that his gloves were lost in a blur of leather.

Gradually he hammered the Jewish champion to a standstill, and the Tiger was too good, even though in the closing minutes Greb staged a desperate rally in the hope of landing a lucky knock-out.

Flowers was only thirty-two when he died after an operation for the removal of a growth over his left eye.

He was all set for a return with Walker, having beaten nineteen opponents in line, and the fight was already being discussed when he had a fatal relapse.

A finer fighter than Theodore Flowers, black fighter—white man, never ducked under the ropes.

THE STUFF TO MAKE THE TROOPS!

A twelve-hour day, packed with instruction in every branch of military technique, soon makes the British soldier something more than a mere fighting machine

BEHIND the stark announcement that the Army call-up has been doubled this month, there lies the stupendous story of the reorganisation of Britain's military training centres.

That men can be absorbed at twice the rate expected, trained to a high peak of efficiency in four months and then sent out to join their branch of the Services, whether it be artillery or infantry, a service corps or a special unit, is in itself a fact at which the rest of the world can goggle in amazement. Yet it is merely a part of Britain's speeded-up war effort.

Defender—and Learner

The first of the two million-odd citizen-soldiers who thought they were being "put through the mill" a year ago wouldn't recognise their mild experience if they saw what their successors are doing.

Training that took six months in the early days of the war is now done in less time.

Threat of invasion by parachutes and troop-carrying aeroplanes is giving new reality to much of the young soldier's field training.

He is playing his part with seasoned troops at vulnerable points, as defender as well as learner.

Two Hundred Miles a Day

Sometimes he moves two hundred miles by road in twenty-four hours as part of his training. Even when "stationary," he may not spend two consecutive nights in the same spot. A hedge is as likely to be his night's shelter as a tent.

Swift *tempo* of the citizen-soldier's day at the Infantry Training Centre is shown by these training "periods," as the Army calls them, lasting forty-five minutes at a stretch, leaving him ten minutes to change and be on parade five minutes before the next period is due:

6 a.m.—Reveille.
6.45—Breakfast.

7.45.—Drill for forty-five minutes; change into shorts, socks and slippers.

8.45.—Physical training: Swedish drill, pass-ball, boxing, ju-jitsu. Hot bath or shower. Sick parade.

9.45.—Rifle instruction.

10.45.—Bayonet fighting with ground and standing dummies. Half an hour's break at mid-morning for refreshment.

11.45.—Anti-tank rifle theory or practice.

12.45.—Dinner.

2.—Bren gun theory: one of about thirty such periods.

3.—Gas-mask practice or demonstration.

4.—Tea.

5.—Sport for an hour and a half.

6.45. Supper — more than twelve hours after he began his high-speed day. The rest of the evening's his own for recreation, although once a week he will be doing Passive Air Defence (P.A.D. is Army equivalent of A.R.P.), anti-aircraft, fire-fighting or first-aid duty.

10.15.—Lights out.

Once a week during this speeded-up first two months' training there is a route march of from six to fifteen miles, with gas-mask practice.

Eight "periods" of training during the day are varied so that different squads are doing different things.

Grenade and two-inch mortar are also weapons the young infantryman must master.

Second Two Months

His second training period makes him proficient in map reading, semaphore signalling, scouting and sniping, packing and loading vehicles (embussing and debussing), digging, the use of ground for cover both by day and night, and the art of bridging trenches captured during an attack.

At the end of this time he has more than earned his week's leave.

What is happening to the infantryman in the great speed-up is being initiated in the training of every other branch of the Army.

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H. Samuel 'Happiness' Diamond rings

All Platinum Setting and 18 carat Solid Gold Ring

You need a good watch now more than ever. Accurate timekeeping means money saved. Get the H. Samuel catalogue of good watches you can depend on—and be money in pocket by buying direct.

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Lady's dainty Chromium watch on moire silk band. High grade guaranteed time-keeper **12/6**

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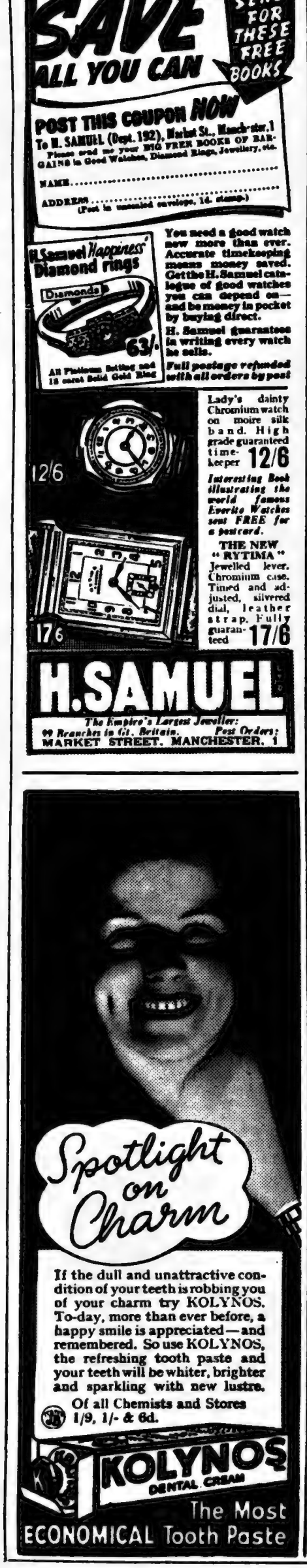


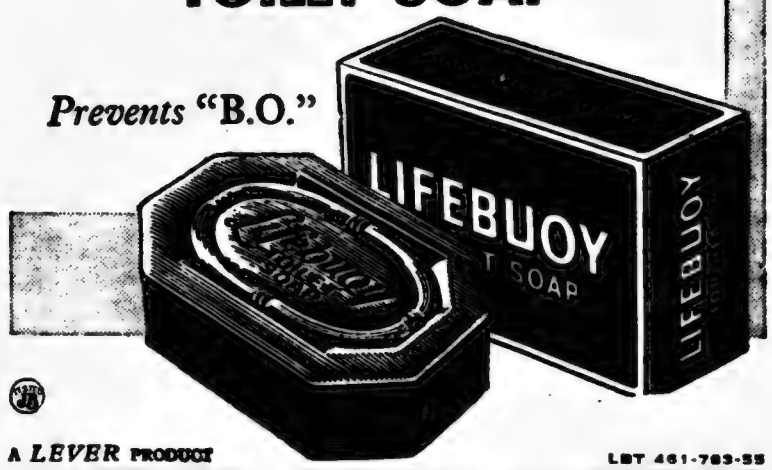
If the dull and unattractive condition of your teeth is robbing you of your charm try KOLYNOS. To-day, more than ever before, a happy smile is appreciated—and remembered. So use KOLYNOS, the refreshing tooth paste and your teeth will be whiter, brighter and sparkling with new lustre.

Of all Chemists and Stores 1/9, 1/- & 6d.

The Most ECONOMICAL Tooth Paste

After long hours of mental strain, or a hard spell of manual work, *find new vigour and freshness in a bath with* LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

Prevents "B.O."



A *LEVER* PRODUCT LBT 461-783-55

10 drops will pull you round

In 15 minutes Phosferine will buck you up when you're feeling down . . .

PHOSFERINE is the finest tonic for bracing, strengthening and invigorating you. When you feel gloomy and depressed a dose of Phosferine will make all the difference. You begin to feel better in 15 minutes. That's why Phosferine enables you to keep carrying on. It puts back what you have taken out of yourself—strength, energy and vitality. Get a bottle of this really great tonic to-day.

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size: you save almost 2/-.

From all Chemists. TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

PHOSFERINE *Brand*

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

—for—	—for—	—for—
Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anæmia
Indigestion	Influenza	Debility
Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

WARNING. —THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

Polly put the Kettle on and we'll have no more

CONSTIPATION

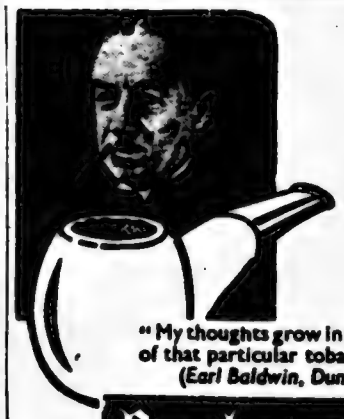
Taken last thing at night, **CLOISTER HERBAL TEA** is Nature's remedy for constipation. Cloister is a mixture of 18 different herbs, each of which has its own distinct action on stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys. Cloister dispels those black-out blues and brings back bounding health and pep. All chemists, 6d. and 1/6.

GAINED 21 lbs.

Dear Sirs.—I enclose my photograph which I thought would interest you. I have always been naturally strong, yet was thin until I tried IRVONA. After only two boxes I could see a great difference. I was claimed by thousands as Lancashire's most perfectly developed man. Even then this man could be just as fit and strong if only they would try IRVONA Brand Tablets. In less than three months I gained a stone and a half—another IRVONA success.

Yours faithfully, David Kuhlman.

"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct post free on receipt of price from: IRVONA (Dept. 192), 2, GREEN STREET, LONDON, W.1. *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.*
Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.



"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."
(*Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925*)

Presbyterian Mixture V7½

A. GALE & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

GRAVES

Beats the World For Quality & Value

Detachable and reversible body length 38in., adjustable back rest, drop front, folding handle. Leather-cloth hood & apron. Interior lined leatherette1h. loose cushion bed. Mudguards to match body, 10in. wheels. In Black, Navy, Wedgewood Blue, Green, Maroon, Beige, or Grey. Cash or 5/- monthly. Catalogue Free. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

BACKACHE

Urinary Disorders Rheumatic Pains

"Every Picture tells a Story"

are common signs of

Weak Kidneys

STRONG, healthy kidney action is vitally important to all during these anxious days. Work becomes hard if the kidney filters are weak or congested and fail to relieve the blood of surplus water and harmful wastes.

Don't neglect the warning symptoms Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills! This up-to-date kidney medicine strengthens, invigorates and flushes out the kidneys so that they effectively purify your blood and give you permanent relief from pain. Thousands of men and women have thanked Doans Pills for recovery from backache, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, getting up at nights, swollen ankles and limbs, dizzy attacks, lumbago and other kidney ailments.

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

Sport on the Spot!

GRIN AND BEAR IT! **By OLIVER PLUSH**

A NAZI radio tame comedian has been warning the poor, decadent British (yes, ma'am, that goes for you, too) that after the German occupation we shall not be able to play games and go in for sport in the same care-free manner that we did in the past.

At a guess, this is the sort of thing we might expect to read in the sports' catalogue in English produced by the bright boys aforesaid:—

STUMPS for the Cricket: Looking like the real article, these are yellow varnished sticks of dynamite. When the ball-thrower strikes them, they explode, blowing to pieces the so-defiant batter. Most mirth-provoking!

CUES for the Billiard: The sportsman with one of these never-to-be-equalled poles much harmless fun can have. The tip can be removed unnoticed when user has go-snookered been, transforming it into rifle with which dastardly opponent may be shot, probably on the spot. Kolossal!

BAIT for the Fishing with Rods: We some special lug worms have produced. Filled with T.N.T., these will even the toughest rock whiting to pieces blow in mirth-provoking manner.

And so on through many a merry page.

The Mighty Fallen

There's nothing like a spot of slap-stick comedy to keep the nation laughing in times of calamity. We were therefore delighted to hear of the B B C. announcer who, at the end of a cinema organ recital the other day, apologised for the terrible noise with which the programme opened, caused, he explained, by his falling over a bucket.

Personally, from what we know of cinema organs, we doubt if many people noticed anything unusual in the programme.

Golden Echo

The girl with the golden voice dialled TIM the other day to see if her voice had got frayed. She hadn't heard it for two years, and was quite pleased when she did.

Obviously a more pleasant experience than that of the irate old boy who, failing to get any satisfaction from a wrong number, remarked that there was a ruddy fool on the end of the line.

"Not this end," came the echo.

Doodle-Solver

President of the U.S. National Restaurant Association, Albert McVittie is a confirmed student of tablecloths. He says he can prophesy the trend of national trade by the scribblings his customers make on the cloths.

We should love to see the Senate's business experts trying to work out a national trading graph from half a dozen assorted doodles!

The Very Duce!

Mussolini may be chained to Hitler's chariot wheel, but it won't be for long. Soon he will be right in the cart.

Cutting!

"You can tell a man's age by the way he shaves,"
Says a barber in our town.
"The grown-up fellows will always shave up,
But youngsters just have to shave 'down.'"

Success Story

He is usually late for appointments.
He asks lots of personal questions.
He always tries to find the worst in us.
He profits by our infirmities.
Yet he is in constant demand.
He is a fashionable physician.

Diary of a Wasp

Monday: Emerge for first time in black and yellow uniform. Feel fighting fit. Catch sight of inoffensive fly and rout it with power-dive.

Tuesday: On warpath again. Decide that friendly bluebottle basking on wall is in urgent need of "protection." Overcome bluebottle's idiotic objections with powerful *blitzkrieg*.

Wednesday: Decide I need more *lebensraum* and tackle Queen Bee on question of receiving a place in the hive. Queen Bee smiles and refuses to take me seriously.

Thursday: Decide to teach decadent, democratic Queen Bee a lesson.

Friday: Proceed to teach her a lesson.

Saturday: Suddenly realise that Queen Bee has unlimited resources with which to resist *blitzkrieg*. Sting goes out of my attack.

No flowers by request.

OLD BILL
By Bruce Bairnsfather
"Veetch ees ze way to ze Power Station," eh? I'll show yer!

THE LAST LAUGH

G. N. (Amersham).—"I don't want my dachshund any longer." But Nature's designs cannot be thwarted.

VICAR (Essex).—"The plate came back with two farthings in it." What a bit of luck to get the plate back at all.

N. P. (Wealdstone).—"I have discovered a tenor with a voice that can really move audiences." Right out of the theatre?

S. B. (Ely).—"Although I am only a poor working man, it takes a lot to worry me." Then it's lucky you haven't got it.

MISS C. A. (Bury).—"I have sent you my photograph. Most people admire my mouth. Do you?" Rather! We think it's immense.

E. L. (Welwyn).—"If it comes to using germ bombs, Germany has a microbe that Britain has never had." Maybe, but who wants the Fuehrer?

S. R. (Henley).—"What can be nicer than lying in a punt with a pretty girl by your side under a shady tree?" Getting the pretty girl to believe the lies.

E. Y. (Colindale).—"I had just put the cat out for the night when there was a wailing sound something like a siren." Perhaps you hadn't put its tail out.

PRIVATE (Aldershot).—"A recruit in our hut imitated the cry of a frightened woman so well that the guard came rushing to the scene." What a perfect scream!

S. N. (Retford).—"The best thing for a recruit to put in his boots before going for a long route march is a layer of margarine." The next best thing, of course, is his feet.

BOX-OFFICE CLERK (London, W.).—"I told the enquirer there were plenty of good seats for the evening's show, but he just grunted and went away without buying one." Perhaps he wrote the play.

V. B. (Marple).—"Nothing that succeeded in the last war is getting much of a show in this." What about some of the jokes?

D. B. (Chesham).—"He charged us 5s. for pitching our tent for one night on what was practically a bed of nettles." You *were* stung.

F. R. (Leyton).—"The man next door is by way of being a freak of nature. He has twelve toes." Our neighbour is even stranger; he's two-faced.

M. R. (Willesden).—"After giving the shop a really good order, I told them to cancel it because they would not let me have just one thing." Tick?

PLUMBER (Homerton).—"I was called to the house of a Professor somebody to do a job, but I forgot my tools." He probably forgot what he wanted you for, anyway.

ALEC (Cobham).—"I could tell you tales of my own adventures which would make your hair stand on end. I suppose you'd think me a liar." No, a magician. We're bald!

MRS. Y. (Grantham).—"The healthiest people are, of course, those who live on uncooked food, but how can I make my husband see this?" Try to persuade him to do the cooking.

A. B. (Worthing).—"I've sent you some of my poetry, which I think is my best up to date. More than ever I realise that a poet must have imagination." Yes, he must imagine that people are going to read his poems.

B. V. (Brough).—"Here is a photograph of my youngest son with his father. Don't you think the lad is the living imagy of his dad?" He certainly is; but he needn't worry too much about that so long as he's strong and healthy.

D. C. L. (Glasgow).—"Money is not the answer to life." But it's useful as a reply to letters which commence with the word "Unless."

S. F. (Essex).—"I was lifting a glass of beer when the warning sounded, so I put it down on the counter." Why didn't you just put it down?

DORA (Ashton-under-Lyne).—"Could I pay you a visit when next I am in London?" We should be delighted to see you. We've been terribly lonely since our goldfish died.

P. V. (Lancashire).—"The chairman of our local council referred to the leakage of petrol supplies and urged that some light should be thrown upon this." No doubt a report will be heard later.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

LEEK POST AND TIMES:—"A. B. T—— has been in the Navy since November, 1838."

PORTSMOUTH AND SOUTHSEA EVENING NEWS:—"The RAIN warning lasted about an hour."

THE ISLE OF ELY AND WISBECH ADVERTISER:—"She put the cheque in the BETTER box."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"The FOOL Controller said he already had more bacon than he wanted."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"It was a girl in a smart blue tunic, Navy-like in style, with a peaked CUP."

JOHANNESBURG SUNDAY TIMES:—"Not only clothes, but also RAGE are hard to come by in Germany."

THAME GAZETTE:—"The demand for Land Girls is now so great that many more volunteers are wanted to SMELL this army."

LYDNEY OBSERVER:—"After hitching an acetylene lamp on the front of the vehicle he started on his journey in preference to seeing his passengers WAKING."

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER
CLIP THE COUPONS
"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON
3d.
This Coupon with P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" self-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, rainbow tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.
BIG LOCO obtainable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.
Address—"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPARTMENT, 130-132, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Brains Behind the Planes

Defiant . . . Hurricane . . . names that are linked with swift, relentless attack from the air, have been conceived by men you would never associate with destruction. Here is a close-up of these inventors and some of their German counterparts

By "John Bull's" Air Expert

ON quiet summer evenings when the sun is slipping down to the horizon, you might find him, trowel in hand, pottering about his rock garden, encouraging his beloved Alpine plants to weather the eccentricities of the English climate.

And as he straightens his back, and turns to smile at the intruder, you would never think that this pleasant man, with his heavy, shell-rimmed glasses, his fair clean-shaven face, was Nightmare No 1 to German fighter pilots.

John Dudley North, he is designer of the Defiant two-seater fighter, a squadron of which recently obliterated thirty-seven Nazi aircraft without suffering any loss.

But you have to be quick if you want to see him in his garden.

For the most part he flits through it as quickly as a sprite. He eats and sleeps in a factory "somewhere in the Midlands" and is too busy creating demons of the sky to be able to devote much time to his Alpine plants.

Then there is Sydney Camm genius behind the "Hurricanes."

Camm has been "mucking about with model aeroplanes" since he was a boy.

To-day, at forty-six, he is chief designer and director of Hawker Aircraft, Ltd., and his 17-year-old daughter, Phyllis, is a student at the Kingston Art School.

Mr. Camm lives for his aircraft.

He has little time to spend at his modest, pretty villa, and he has been a stranger to Surbiton golf course since the war began.

Nobody hates the limelight more or works harder than Sydney Camm, the brain behind the Hurricane.

Perhaps the most brilliant air brains in the world are Mr. B. J. Wallis and Mr. R. K. Pierson who evolved the geodetic construction of aircraft which has made Blenheim bombers almost invincible.

Wallis is the only engineer in the world to switch over from airship to aeroplane design and make himself equally famous in both spheres.

If you see the skeleton of a bomber constructed on the geodetic principle and the skeleton of an airship, you will see the similarity in idea.

Wallis lives simply, is fond of study, and loves to get down to scientific works.

Pierson, who collaborates with him, was born 48 years ago, now lives "near his work somewhere in England."

He has been a pilot, and twenty-eight years of aircraft designing have made him wise in the ways of wings, but he is so shy and difficult to approach that he rarely speaks in public.

Another quiet man, who loves to linger by a quiet river fly-fishing, is Mr. Alfred Hubert Bristol-Fighter Fedden, designer of the sleeve-valve aero-engine, an engineering masterpiece that has revolutionised fighter aircraft performance.

These designers have had their full share of danger and narrow escapes in their earlier days, yet they do not talk about them except to intimate friends. And their desire for privacy is respected.

MR. GLENN MARTIN, designer of America's B-10 and 167-W Martin bombers, began constructing bombers years ago when he saw what an important rôle they would play in future wars. His twin-engined bomber 167-W is now being delivered to the Allies.

When, as a shock-headed exuberant youth he showed his first flying machine to his father—it was a huge model constructed in the interior of a disused church—he received no paternal encouragement.

His mother, who encouraged him, and eventually removed his father's objections, used to say that a few days before young Martin was born she dreamt that she was suspended in the air by a miraculous apparatus that bore her through the fleecy clouds.

As her son's first flying machine "broke her dream," she persuaded the father to allow young Martin to continue his experiments, and she was among the first women passengers in an aeroplane.

On her descent she said: "I'm never afraid when with my son."

FROM his early flying circus, Glenn Martin has progressed to a Cleveland factory, employing 3,000 hands on full time making bombers for the Allies and the United States army, and the famous "Flying Clippers."

Against this talent, Germany has two men.

One is six feet tall, dark Professor Willy Messerschmitt, whose aircraft have not so far justified Nazi boosting.

Messerschmitt is a temperamental worker, unable to rest for long.

His hair is always ruffled because he is continually running his hands through it.

He works in a handsome, panelled room. From the window he can see the tarmac of his great Augsburg works which are so extensive that he tours them by car.

Forty-one years old, he has been flying since he was fifteen.

He resembles the popular conception of a scientist. When thinking he compresses his lips, and his dark eyes are sunk deep under a wide forehead.

Many British aircraft engineers have met Messerschmitt. Some think highly of him, some think he is overrated.

Tall, shy, bespectacled, cultivator of Alpine plants, John Dudley North designed the German fighter pilot's No. 1 Nightmare

Ranking with Messerschmitt in Germany is 52-year-old Dr. Heinkel, who first crashed in 1911. A surgeon managed to save his life, but Heinkel's face was so badly burned that ever since he has worn strange-looking spectacles, which give him a Jewish appearance.

Albatross aircraft and Heinkel bombers are Dr. Heinkel's specialities.

Best proof that Germany's air brains are not so good—if proof other than the feats of the R.A.F. is necessary—is that neutral countries, from the Balkans to South America, prefer to part with good cash for Blenheims and Hurricanes in preference to Messerschmitts and Heinkels.

Yet they can get Nazi machines on barter.

"JOHN BULL'S" PRIVILEGE HOME SERVICE TO ITS READERS

+ *This Magnificent Family Size* +

£7·7·0 CANTEEN OF CUTLERY

YOURS at an AMAZING PRIVILEGE PRICE!

84 *Beautiful Pieces*

SPOONS AND FORKS WITH GUARANTEED DEPOSIT OF PURE SILVER PLATING

KNIVES OF FIRTH-BREARLEY STAINLESS STEEL WITH MIRROR POLISH—16 COMPLETE SETS

SET 1 Two Table Knives, Two Table Forks, Two Egg Spoons
SET 2 Six Dessert Spoons
SET 3 Two Dessert Knives, Two Dessert Forks, One Table Spoon
SET 4 Six Fruit Spoons, One Fruit Server
SET 5 Two Table Knives, Two Table Forks, Two Egg Spoons
SET 6 Three Pairs of All-metal Fish Eaters
SET 7 Two Dessert Knives, Two Dessert Forks, Three Tea Spoons
SET 8 Six Pastry Forks, Two Salt Spoons, Two Mustard Spoons
SET 9 Two Table Knives, Two Table Forks, Two Egg Spoons
SET 10 One Jam Spoon, One Pair Sugar Tongs, Three Tea Spoons, One Sharpening Steel
SET 11 One Carving Knife, One Carving Fork
SET 12 Six Soup Spoons
SET 13 Two Dessert Knives, Two Dessert Forks, One Table Spoon
SET 14 Three Pairs of All-metal Fish Eaters
SET 15 Jacobean Oak Shade Case to hold the complete 84 pieces

Here's a greatly reduced illustration showing the beautiful all-British cutlery in the handsome case

THIS week "John Bull" extends the most wonderful privilege ever offered to its readers by any journal. You are given an opportunity to accept a magnificent Sheffield-made Canteen of Cutlery!—Eighty-four lovely, glittering pieces—Spoons, Forks, Fish Eaters, Sugar Tongs and Fruit Setver, with a Guaranteed deposit of PURE SILVER PLATING and Mirror Polish—Knives made of the famous Guaranteed Firth-Brearley Stainless Steel with Mirror Polish—All in beautiful Case in rich Jacobean Oak shade! And this superb Canteen of Cutlery, which in the ordinary way would cost at least £7 7s. 0d., can be yours on amazingly low Privilege terms if you act quickly! The strictly limited supplies which were reserved are absolutely unrepeatable.

Once the sets available have gone you will never again be able to get them at the amazing terms on which they are now offered.

It's first come first served—Apply AT ONCE before it is too late! Post Order-Label on right TO-DAY.

The complete Canteen will be distributed to readers in Fifteen Sets. The order in which they will reach you is given in the panel on the left.

Here is a Complete Family Canteen—every piece is exquisitely designed high-class plate, perfectly made and balanced.

The Case is beautifully made and finished in a rich Jacobean Oak shade. It is lined throughout with Brown Baize and contains a patent spring rack in the lid, and compartments for the articles. The Case is fitted with decorative clasps and solid brass hinges, and is mounted on four shaped, non-scratching feet.

Sheffield the home of the world's finest cutlery—that is where this beautiful Canteen is being produced. Each blade of the Table and Dessert Knives is made of guaranteed FIRTH-BREARLEY STAINLESS STEEL—finished with a sparkling de luxe mirror polish. The blade and haft of each knife form one piece which is firmly and attractively set well down into the handle. The handles are oval-shaped and of super-quality delicately GRAINED WHITE IVORINE. Every spoon and every fork, the fruit server, the fish eaters, sugar tongs and the pastry forks have a GUARANTEED deposit of PURE SILVER PLATING, with a brilliant mirror polish finish.

Included in this fine Canteen is a THREE-PIECE CARVING SET—a Carving Knife with 8-in. Firth-Brearley Stainless Steel blade with mirror polish, a Forged Steel Carving Fork and a Sharpening Steel.

DO THIS NOW! Complete and post the Order-Label on right together with 6d. in stamps as Reservation Fee and your name will be placed on a Reservation List. Cutlery Set No. 1 will then be sent carriage paid in one month and you remit the amount of 5s. 9d. within SEVEN DAYS after receipt. 14 Privilege Vouchers which entitle you to Sets 2 to 15—one Set each month—are also sent you. You apply for each of the Sets 2 to 15 by sending in one Voucher a month accompanied by the correct remittance. With each Voucher you send the special privilege amount of 5s. 9d., except 7s. 6d. for Set No. 11 Carving Knife and Fork, which, for the Case Built, Set No. 15, you send 10s. 6d.

DO NOT DELAY—Such value can never be offered again—Apply Now. POST ORDER-LABEL AT ONCE.

POST ORDER-LABEL ON RIGHT AT ONCE

You MUST fill in the Order-Label below. Affix a threehalfpenny Stamp to Label and post together with Stamps or Postal Order for 6d. in a sealed envelope bearing a 2½d. stamp to:—
"Cutlery," Dept. J.K.1, 39, Eartham St., London, W.C.2 (Prof.)

CUT HERE

CANTEEN OF CUTLERY

A three-halfpenny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

Write below in BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

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CUT HERE

Subject to War conditions and applies only to Great Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. Residents in Eire are required to pay any charges that may be levied. J.K.1., 22/6/40

ENJOY HALF an HOUR on Bullets and WIN a USEFUL CHEQUE for YOUR WAR-TIME NEEDS!

£200 1st PRIZE—"BULLETS" 1238

Mrs. R. F. WALKER, 31, Chatsack Avenue, Wollaton Park, Nottingham.

Example: VANISHED

Bullet: RAILINGS, To Stop "TRESPASSERS."

£25: F. G. SIMES, Baby Green Farm, Thaxted, Dunmow, Essex. Example: Unfair Burdens. Bullet: Don't Make—Don't Hike!

£10: P. H. LISK, 19, Palmersfield Road, Banstead, Surrey. Example: Girl Who Can Make. Bullet: Eyes And Pies. Prize!

£5: W. Wood, 2, Elm Avenue, Long Eaton, Notts. When Message Came Home—"Ann Waits" Message Heavenward. **£4:** L. A. Marlow, 4, Glendale Gardens, N. Wembley, Middx. Peep Into The Future—Present "Inferno" Gives Hitler! **£3:** L. Griffin, 29, Cornwall Road, Fratton, Portsmouth. Man In Control—Winston —"Finishing" Professor's "Cigar."

TEN PRIZES OF £2. 10. 0s

Mrs. C. Ashton, 363, High Street West, Glossop. Vanished—Missing—That "Gap" Closed. Mrs. E. Bacchus, 17, Driffield Road, London, E. The Navy's Ships—"Ladies" Saving Tommies Home. W. Bobbett, "Bridge Mount," Barnpark Road, Teignmouth, Devon. Vanished—Signposts—We "Know Way." L. Craker, 14, Melbourne Way, Enfield, Middx. Stonstrous—To "Line." "Ruler" Breaking. C. Hall, The Dingle, Prestwood, Gt. Missenden. Baby Goes—Hero's Heart "Fails Him." G. Huntley, 21, Longhedge Street, Battersea, London, S.W. A Miracle Happened And—"Angel" Appeared—With Thermometer! J. Martin, 49, Shotburn Crescent, Leven, Fife. Kicking—Sly Painted Pants, Adversity! J. J. Meagridge, Barland, Bishopston, Swansea. Kicking—Three Legs, Mule Practising! H. Nichol, 104, Killinghall Road, Bradford. Peep Into The Future—Dad Uncovers Potato Root. R. Wood, 4, Grosvenor Street, Wellington Road South, Stockport. Forgetting The War—Out There, Louis Nine.

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 239 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

Each of the 41 chief winners this week will be invited to nominate a friend or relative in H.M. Services to receive 100 cigarettes Free and Post Free.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a "Bullet," simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below:

BRITAIN'S WORKERS
GAP IN OUR DEFENCES
HEAVEN HELP HITLER WHEN
THRILLING MOMENT
BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH
SENSIBLE PEOPLE
HEADING FOR DISASTER
GO TO IT AND
TOMMY DESERVES
EVERY DAY | AT LIBERTY
MONSTROUS | ON PATROL
IN BATTLE DRESS
COMRADES IN ARMS
WHEN THE CRASH COMES
HELL OF A TIME
CUT THE RED TAPE AND
FULL-TIME JOB
ONLY THING THAT MATTERS

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

..... WORLD
GOOD FOR .....
..... SACRIFICE
HEEDED IN .....
THE RIGHT .....
..... FUTURE

ENTRY-FEE

Coupons must be accompanied by crossed P.O., made payable to JOHN BULL, at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" entered. Write name, address and date of posting on back. If preferred, stamps at the rate of 3d. for each "Bullet," stuck as instructed to form provided, may be enclosed instead of P.O.

20 BONUSES each value £1
—for entrants whose sets of FOUR "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit.

ADDRESS ENTRY: 'BULLETS' No. 1,227, John Bull,' Long Acre, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what is the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided, must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

PRIZES THIS WEEK VALUE OVER **£200** MUST BE WON

£100 £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 10 £2 10 25 of 10/- 200 5/- 1,000 "Good Shot" Prizes

Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two *Bullets* on this coupon.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 29

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STAMPS MAY BE USED AS ENTRY-FEE
—Stick them to this form and enclose with 'Bullets' or Crosswords.

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TRY this ENTERTAINING PUZZLE and JOIN JOHN BULL'S 45 X-WORD PENSIONERS

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FINE 2 IN 1 X word PRIZE

£5 GUARANTEED CASH FOR ALL 1st Runners-up

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP

X-WORD RULES AND CONDITIONS

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, June 29.

Entries at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co./," and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided above Crossword Squares. No restraint may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Address and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—and all decisions will be based on the answers of competitors.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 11; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should first or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the Findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of "John Bull" in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants. Failure to comply with any of these Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 228 "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

ACROSS CLUES

1. Is used to good purpose on aircraft carrier
2. Authorities will be only too glad to collect any of scrap metal you may have
4. It may be very unpleasant to slip into this
5. Should be made of the right sort of stuff
8. It will be bad for this man if he can't get the important lines
10. When people do this rapidly, it's often a sign there's something wrong
14. Brilliant one can have a dazzling effect
15. Slating is suggested when worker gets this
16. Snow on ground may be so thick this cannot get through

DOWN CLUES

1. Advanced one sometimes has to withstand bitter attacks
2. Some dairies have to include this in their daily round of deliveries
3. The old-time pugilists often used to do this with their bare fists
4. Translating one should not be too difficult for pupil
7. In this of country-side scenery one now sees aerodromes and factories
8. Husbands may well have to adjust this if motor is running badly
10. Might be used to describe measure
11. If material is going to get one in garage he should make sure of its value first
12. Spy will be glad to get hold of important one employed in aircraft work
13. Current one sometimes has only just a few in it

RESULT AND WINNING SQUARE—X-WORD No. 205.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 205, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious lists of Answers for one square (see on right) were the following two competitors:—

R. BERMAN, 58, Gilcroft Road, Bolton, Lancs.
F. HEARN, 30, Bodmin Street, Gamble's Quay, Quebec.

These competitors share the First Prize of £200, and a cheque for £100 will be sent to each.

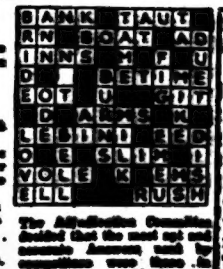
Awards of 10-in-1 Luxury Cases have been won by the 47 competitors from whose we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one inaccurate Answer compared with the best entries received. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 262 entrants' from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one inaccurate Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. Bank. 5. Taut. 9. Boat. 10. Rind. 11. Ebbs. 12. Fob. 17. Bath. DOWN.—1. Bobs. 2. Tame. 3. Rank. 4. Bat or Bit. 6. Ebb. 7. Boss. 8. Ebbs. 9. Ode. 14. Bill. 15. Bass. 16. Bath. 18. Bibb.

Full revenue for Competition Puzzles appears in "Crossword Gazette." To secure your POST-FREE COPY use address label on right.



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those in square shown. Much merit attaches also to the plan and Answers of those who placed 2nd and 3rd, were awarded an Answer of equal merit.

WIN £100 FREE!

If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over, you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current effort.

SEND THIS 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT, WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or Stamps, affixed to Stamp Form provided above Crossword Squares, for entry-fee as directed.

J.B. X-WORD No. 228, Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, JUNE 29

P.O. Value..... No .....

Don't omit to complete Label below.

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ADDRESS.....

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To secure your POST FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin, dated July 13, you must affix 1d. stamp on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1D STAMP HERE FOR "GAZETTE."

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CUT ROUND THIS LINE

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Elasto

REGISTERED The Wonder Tablet

Take It—And Stop Limping!

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language the 'Elasto' method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing.* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

What Users of 'Elasto' Say—

"No signs of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
"Now free from piles."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."
"Heart is quite sound again now."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day."
"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis, etc."

Here's Good News! You can test 'Elasto' Free!

Simply fill in the coupon below for a Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining 'Elasto'—the new Biomedical Remedy. Write for these to-day—NOW while you think of it—and SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES! *'ELASTO' is sold by Chemists everywhere.*

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Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how Elasto', *The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the Blood.*

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TEST & PROVE 'ASPRO' SERVICE

The healing, soothing services of 'ASPRO' are available to all, all the time. When emergencies arise 'ASPRO' is tested to the full—it comes through with flying colours. When nerves are strained almost to breaking point two 'ASPRO' tablets quickly restore calm and confidence to face any crisis. Furthermore, 'ASPRO' brings restful slumber where sleep just would not come. In a multitude of health emergencies First-Aid with 'ASPRO' is needed. 'ASPRO' banishes colds and 'flu attacks in a few hours. It frees you from aches and pains, banishes neuralgia, toothache, rheumatic pains, headaches, etc., as if by magic. Hundreds of thousands of people have demonstrated that these are facts, not mere assertions. 'ASPRO' accomplishes its good works without the slightest harmful effect on the heart or the stomach. A trial will quickly convince you.

Read this definite proof

SLEEPS "AS SOUND AS SOUND CAN BE"

55, Lichfield Road, New, London, E.3.

Dear Sirs,—Once again I feel that it is my duty to write and let you know that I still stick to my old tonic, 'ASPRO.' Owing to the present conditions in the country one is apt to be rather nervy, all one seems to hear is "I have not been able to sleep for weeks." When I tell them how well I sleep they say, "HOW DO YOU manage it?" My answer is, "Two 'ASPROS' and into bed and I sleep as sound as sound can be." They say "Just imagination." However, I just persuaded a friend to try for herself and gave her two as a sample. Next time she saw me she shook me by the hand, and told me it was the first time I told her the truth (THAT WAS MY THANKS). Well, I was very pleased she tried them herself. If people only just realised how quickly 'ASPROS' acted, I am sure they would not hesitate in using them—I would not be without them if it was my last threepence.

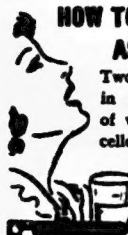
I remain, Yours faithfully, MRS. CROSS.

SORE THROAT RELIEVED

Dear Sirs, Southall.

I am writing to tell you what 'ASPRO' did for me. I never had a wink of sleep for a full fortnight. I was just about mad with pain in my head and my throat was terribly sore. I did not know where to put myself. I got my husband to get me a packet of 'ASPRO' and this is the positive truth. After I had taken them I got a good night's sleep and felt almost better next morning. I had always had great faith in 'ASPRO' and always will. Believe me, this is quite true—every word.

Yours truly, T. McVEY (Mrs.).



HOW TO USE 'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE.

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, and act as a deterrent.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA, HEADACHES, SLEEPLESSNESS OR INSOMNIA, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, GOUT, COLDS, LUMBAGO, IRRITABILITY, NEURITIS, HAY FEVER, NERVE SHOCK, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM, ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS, PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN, MALARIA, ASTHMA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made in England by ASPRO Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

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Well groomed men are Uniform -wherever Palmolive is used

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

(115c)

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See how Andrews refreshes and purifies:

FIRST—Andrews cleans the mouth and tongue.
NEXT—Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity.
THEN—It tones up the liver and checks biliousness.
FINALLY—To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels, corrects Constipation. 9d. and 1/4.

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F. 53 J.B.L.129 116*